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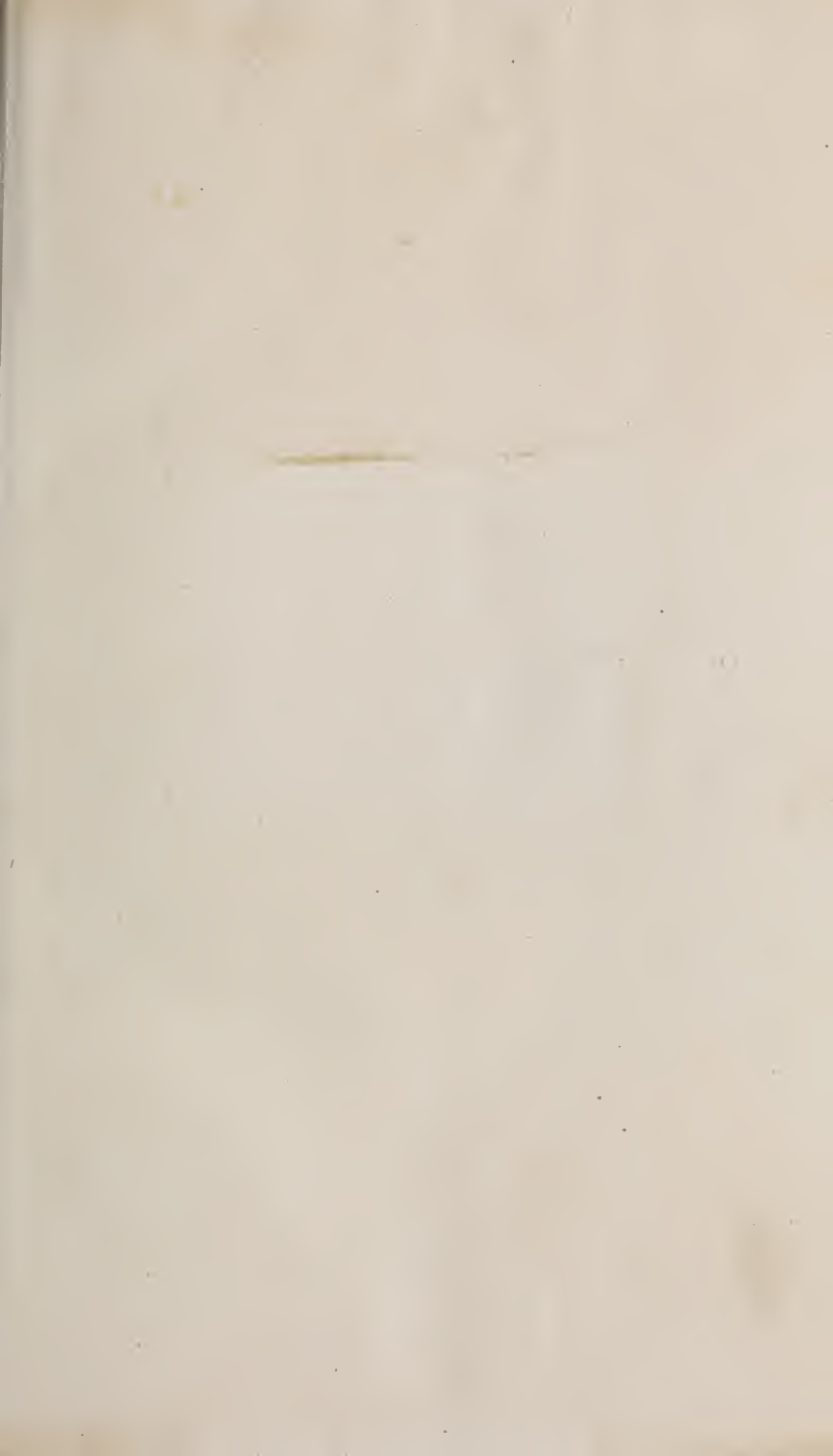
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DOMESTIC MISSIONS

OF THE

Protestant Episcopal Church.

APRIL, 1856.

Self-Supporting Parishes, once Missionary Stations.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

In the engraving above, we have an instance of a self-supporting Church, on our most distant southwestern frontier, "in sight and sound of Mexico." The early history and struggles of the parish were given in *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*, for January, 1855, in an interesting and detailed report from the faithful Missionary at that point, now its laborious and esteemed Rector. We have also sub-joined a list of such parishes as, having received Missionary aid since the present organization in 1835, are now not only able, in most cases, to go alone, but, in very many instances,

have grown strong and vigorous, and are now centres of influence and fountains of blessing, not only to the immediate region round, but to the Church at large. A careful inspection of the list will show not only how wide-spread the benefits of our Domestic Missionary aid have been, but how broad and deep are the foundations we have laid. It must needs be so, in the future growth both of our country and our Church. All past experience shows the value of timely and judicious aid in the first struggling efforts of Parishes, and Churches, and Dioceses, which, when they have grown strong and able, will not fail to feel for, and to aid, in turn, those less favoured than themselves. We have no warmer friends, nor more efficient fellow-workers in the cause, than those who once have known the trials, and have enjoyed the kind and fostering care of the Missionary field; and some of the parishes in the following list are paying back, with large and liberal increase, what they once received, of timely aid. We will take but one or two parishes from the list in each Diocese, and can truly say, "from one, learn all."

When we can point, in Maine, to Bangor and Augusta; in Massachusetts, to Cambridge and Nantucket; in Florida, to Key West and Apalachicola; in Alabama, to Tuscaloosa, Huntsville and Montgomery; in Louisiana, to New-Orleans and Alexandria; in Mississippi, to Vicksburgh, Jackson, Holly Springs, Woodville and Pass Christian; in Tennessee, to Memphis and Clarkesville, Bolivar and Randolph; in Kentucky, to Frankfort; in Ohio, to Ohio City, Ashtabula, Toledo, Marietta and Sandusky; in Indiana, to Madison, New-Albany and Indianapolis; in Illinois, to Chicago, Alton, Quincy, Springfield and Peoria; in Michigan, to Kalamazoo, Marshall, Ann Arbor and Grand Rapids; in Wisconsin, to Milwaukee, Madison, Racine and Janesville; in Iowa, already, to Dubuque; in Missouri, to St. Louis, Palmyra and Boonville; in Arkansas, to Little Rock; in Texas, to Austin, Brownsville and Matagorda; in California, to Stockton and Marysville; we surely may, with honest pride and lively gratitude, recur to such a list and such results. But these are only the beginning of a work and issues, which the next few years will, of necessity,

develope and reveal. This makes our time so precious now, and timely aid, beyond all estimate, so important and imperative. If the Church shall only now, for five years, or for ten, be roused, and active, and true to her trust and her opportunities, the next ten years will give a list not only longer, and larger, but brighter and more glorious, too. For all the past, then, of our history and progress, let us humbly and earnestly "thank God ;" and for all the future of our efforts and hopes, let us "take courage" from His grace and His promises, look upward with an unflinching faith, and go forward and onward with true hearts, unceasing prayers, and never failing hopes. Then shall the reaper follow hard upon the faithful sower, and the top-stone, with its grace and its shoutings, shall steadily rise to crown our patient labours, and our broad and deep foundations.

MAINE—3.

Bangor.....St. John's,
Augusta.....St. Mark's,
Bath.....Grace.

MASSACHUSETTS—2.

Cambridge.....Christ,
Nantucket.....St. Paul's.

DELAWARE—5.

Dover.....Christ,
Georgetown.....St. Paul's,
Little Hill.....St. John's,
Milford.....Christ,
Lewes.....St. Peter's.

GEORGIA—4.

Clarkesville
Marietta.....St. James',
Atlanta.....St. Philip's,
Peru.....St. James',

FLORIDA—4.

Key West.....St. Paul's,
Apalachicola.....Trinity,
Quincy.....St. Paul's,
Mariana.....St. Luke's.

ALABAMA—8.

Tuscaloosa.....Christ,

Wetumpka.....Christ,
Selma.....St. Paul's,
Demopolis.....Trinity,
Montgomery.....St. John's,
Greenboro'.....St. Paul's,
Huntsville.....Nativity,
In the Prairies.....St. John's.

LOUISIANA—4.

New-Orleans.....Annunciation,
Alexandria.....Christ,
Baton Rouge.....St. James',
Franklin.....St. Marys.

MISSISSIPPI—15.

Columbus.....St. Paul's,
Woodville.....St. Paul's,
Vicksburgh.....Christ,
Grand Gulf.....St. John's,
Jackson.....St. Andrew's,
Holly Springs.....Christ,
Hernando.....Ascension,
Port Gibson.....St. James',
Washington.....Advent,
Yazoo City.....Christ,
Brandon.....St. Luke's,
Canton.....Grace,
Kirkwood.....St. Philip's,
Pass Christian.....St. Philip's,
Pontotoc.....St. John's,

TENNESSEE—10.

Randolph.....St. Paul's,

190 *Self-Supporting Parishes, once Missionary Stations.*

Memphis.....Calvary,
 Jackson.....St. Luke's,
 Brownsville.....Zion,
 Clarkesville.....Trinity,
 Bolivar.....St. James',
 La Grange.....Immanuel,
 Knoxville.....St. John's,
 Williamsport.....St. Mark's,
 Tipton Co.....Trinity.

KENTUCKY—9.

Smithland.....Calvary,
 Frankfort.....Ascension,
 Shelbyville.....—
 Henderson.....St. Paul's,
 Hopkinsville.....Grace,
 Columbus.....Christ,
 Covington.....Trinity,
 Bowling Green.....Christ,
 Hickman.....St. Paul's.

OHIO—23.

Peninsula.....Bethel,
 Springfield.....Christ,
 East Liverpool.....St. Stephen's,
 Maumee City.....St. Paul's,
 Circleville.....St. Philip's,
 Ohio City.....St. John's,
 Urbana.....Epiphany,
 Rome.....St. Peter's,
 Ashtabula.....St. Peter's,
 Yellow Springs.....Christ,
 Franklin.....Christ,
 Centreville.....St. David's,
 Hudson.....Christ,
 Toledo.....Trinity,
 Marietta.....St. Luke's,
 Boardman.....St. James',
 Huron.....St. Mark's,
 Dresden.....Zion,
 Madison.....St. Matthew's,
 Sandusky.....Grace,
 Elyria.....St. Andrew's,
 Pomeroy.....Grace,
 Wooster.....St. James'.

INDIANA—13.

Madison.....Christ,
 New-Albany.....St. Paul's,
 Evansville.....St. Paul's,
 Crawfordsville.....St. John's,
 Richmond.....St. Paul's,
 Indianapolis.....Christ,
 Michigan City.....Trinity,
 Fort Wayne.....Trinity,
 Vincennes.....St. James',
 Terre Haute.....St. Stephen's,
 Logansport.....Trinity,
 Leavenworth.....Emmanuel,

Vanderburgh.....Trinity.

ILLINOIS—30.

Collinsville.....Christ,
 Alton.....St. Paul's,
 Quincy.....St. John's,
 Galena.....Grace,
 Tremont.....Christ,
 Springfield.....St. Paul's,
 Rushville.....Christ,
 Ottawa.....Christ,
 Chicago.....Atonement,
 Jacksonville.....Trinity,
 Dixon.....St. Luke's,
 Mendon.....Zion,
 Juliet.....Christ,
 Pittsfield.....St. Stephen's,
 Edwardsville.....St. Andrew's,
 Mount Sterling.....Trinity,
 Robins' Nest.....Christ,
 Lockport.....St. John's,
 Napierville.....St. John's,
 St. Charles.....—
 Albion.....St. John's,
 Peoria.....St. Paul's,
 Farmington.....Calvary,
 Rockford.....Emmanuel,
 Warsaw.....St. Paul's,
 Kickapoo.....St. Luke's,
 Chester.....St. Mark's,
 Morris.....St. Thomas',
 Brimfield.....Zion,
 Vandalia.....Grace.

MICHIGAN—20.

Homer.....Christ,
 Kalamazoo.....St. Luke's,
 Flint.....St. Paul's,
 Ionia.....St. John's,
 Battle Creek.....St. Thomas',
 Waterford.....St. Paul's,
 Mount Clemens.....Grace,
 Troy.....St. John's,
 Niles.....Trinity,
 Tecumseh.....St. Peter's,
 Clinton.....St. John's,
 Dexter.....St. James',
 Marshall.....Trinity,
 Monroe.....Trinity,
 Ann Arbour.....St. Andrew's,
 Adrian.....Christ,
 Grand Rapids.....St. Mark's,
 Jackson.....St. Paul's,
 Ypsilanti.....St. Luke's,
 Albion.....St. James',

WISCONSIN—10.

Milwaukee.....—
 Madison.....Grace,

Racine.....St. Luke's,
 Lisbon.....St. Alban's,
 Delavan.....Christ,
 Sheboygan.....Grace,
 Watertown.....St. Paul's,
 Janesville.....Trinity,
 Nashotah.....St. Sylvanus,
 Green Lake.....Christ.

IOWA—1.

Dubuque.....St. John's.

MISSOURI—6.

Palmyra.....St. Paul's,
 Boonville.....Christ,

Jefferson City.....Grace,
 St. Louis.....
 Glasgow.....St. Stephen's,
 Lexington.....Christ.

ARKANSAS—1.

Little Rock.....Christ.

TEXAS—5.

Brazoria.. ..St. John's,
 Matagorda.....Christ,
 Austin.....Epiphany,
 San AntonioTrinity,
 BrownsvilleSt. Paul's.

A Noble Instance of Clerical Interest and of Lay Liberality.

THROUGH the kindness of the Secretary of the Foreign Committee, we are permitted to lay before our readers a letter received by him, from a venerable minister, now labouring in the Diocese of Connecticut, who has himself borne the burden and heat of the day, in the frontier Missionary field. The multiplying and extending of such interest and efforts, on the part of the clergy, and of such sacrifices, on the part of the laity, would give a new impulse to our work, and add to our resources a hundred or a thousand fold. But let the letter speak for itself; and as it carries its simple tale far and near, may it provoke many "to love and good works." The argument it contains, in favour of a personal appeal to the clergy and parishes, especially in the rural districts, is entitled to respect, as embodying the results of a long and large observation, and experience. Where the clergy will do it themselves, they are the proper aids and fellow-workers in our cause; but from their various cares and claims, nine out of ten of the clergy will gladly welcome a visit made in kindness and courtesy, and an appeal, earnest and judicious, from one who comes accredited and armed with facts and information, and roused and warmed by a definite, constant and lively interest in the cause.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER—It is with no ordinary feelings of delight that I now address you, and you may well appreciate it, when you see

the amount enclosed. After I received the Occasional Papers from both Boards, I laid them before my parishes, and used all the influence I well could, to raise an interest in favour of the Missionary cause; and from various interruptions, I was not able to take up the contribution until the 3d inst.; at — and —, on the 10th inst., on each of which occasions, the contributions exceeded their usual amount; at —, \$6 45; and at —, \$7 84—in all, \$14 29, to be equally divided between the Foreign and Domestic Boards of the General Missionary Society.

But what was my surprise, to-day, when one of my parishioners from —, called upon me, and handed me the enclosed fifty dollar bill, to be applied especially to Domestic Missions. He is a farmer in moderate circumstances, living in a poor house, and having nothing around him to indicate a more than common degree of prosperity. Yet, to use his own expression, he "gave it as a thank-offering for the blessings of Almighty God, which had been showered down upon him."

It is more than the tenth or tithe of his income—it is at least one-sixth—and this, too, while he has a young family growing up around him. He has neighbours around him far more able to contribute, who have not given, as yet, the first dollar to Missions of the Church; but this man has a heart to feel, and a conscience to act; and when he read the appeal of the two Committees, he not only said they must be relieved, but put his hand into his pocket, and at once devoted one-sixth of his income to the relief of the Domestic Board, saying, he had no doubt but some man would be induced to contribute an equal sum to the Foreign Department.

And in this instance we find a great encouragement to us ministers to persevere in bringing before our congregations the subject of Missions—to spread before our people Missionary intelligence, broad cast, in the daytime, and in the evening not to withhold the hand, for we know not whither shall prosper, this or that. I have a strong proof in this instance, for this generous contribution was from a very unexpected quarter; and I could have selected an hundred more probable sources from which to have received it, but "man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on, and influenceth the heart." Great, I trust, will be this man's reward, both in this life, in the blessings of Providence upon him and all his, and in the life to come the rich reward to be enjoyed at God's right hand.

And here, my dear brother, comes up the idea, that by a proper and judicious appeal to each of those nine hundred parishes, who contributed nothing, the past year, to your Board, and the eleven hundred, who, during the same time, contributed nothing to the Domestic Board, a result would be obtained which would be most gratifying. Understand me, that appeal, to be judicious, must be made personally, by an Agent, to the clergyman and his congregation, particularly in the country parishes. This will rouse up the clergy, as well as the laity. I am fully convinced that your true policy lies in a personal application to every parish. Look, for a moment, at the Churches in the Diocese of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

I mention those Dioceses, because I am better acquainted with them, having spent near twenty years in the Missions in them. Would so few parishes have contributed to your Board, if they had been visited? No, my dear sir, not a parish, thus visited, would fail to be a contributing parish; and the contributions would have been many fold what they now are. Or take the Diocese of Connecticut, let an Agent visit the parishes, and labour with them and the parish clergy, not a Church would fail to be a contributing one.

I may be too sanguine in this opinion, but look at other societies. The

Presbyterians have their Agents in every western State. I have seen, while living in the west, an Agent of the Bible Society come into a village and lecture upon the subject, and take up a collection of hundreds of dollars, where the ministers of those village Churches, by their utmost exertions, could not have raised twenty-five dollars. And why is it not as right and proper for our Church to do it as for any other society? I know you may reply, it is left for the Bishops in each Diocese to move in the matter. They are willing and anxious to have all done that can be, but they cannot visit the parishes for this purpose, or but few of them, and but a feeble response will be returned to their pastorals on this subject; but let your Agent go to the Bishops, confer with them, and with their approbation and direction, go to the clergy and parishes, you would find the Missionary interest very much increased, and the amount of their contributions many times doubled. It is a fact, the parochial clergy are backward on this subject, and nothing can be expected from their congregations until they are thoroughly aroused on this subject, and nothing will have a better influence in rousing them to a sense of their duty, than to send the Secretary or an Agent among them, who, with the co-operation of their Bishops, and the urgent appeals of your Boards, will gather a warm interest in each Diocese, and the results, I have no doubt, would astonish your Committees.

On this subject I speak with the warm interest and freedom of one who, by the required payment, has stood a patron of your Society for more than twenty years.

Excuse me for addressing you on this occasion, as I am not acquainted with our excellent Secretary and General Agent of the Domestic Board. I have presumed to direct this to you, requesting you to hand the fifty dollar bill to Dr. Van Kleeck, and divide equally with him the enclosed amount of \$14 29, as this was the condition on which the contribution was taken up.

I shall be happy, at all times, to hear from you, and to hear of the prosperity of the good and glorious cause of Missions; while I remain, my dear brother, affectionately and truly yours, in the freedom of the Gospel.

Tidings from Kansas.

“COME OVER AND HELP US.”

OUR friend to whom the following interesting letter was addressed, has sent it to us, saying, “I send you the enclosed letter from a parishioner of mine, who has removed to Kansas, because I do not know where else the application it contains can be made so properly. I trust it may be possible for you to do something. He is an excellent man, in whom I took much interest while he was here—the very sort of man to be relied on for the commencement of a parish; and if there are around him any others of the same stamp, the Church would make a beginning under very favourable auspices.”

We give the letter with pleasure, as not only deeply interest-

ing in its information and details, but well calculated to awaken and draw out a deep and lively interest in that distant, destitute and tempest-tossed, but not comforted portion of our Missionary field.

The erection of the first Episcopal Church in Kansas will be hailed with joy, and beautiful will be the feet and glad the tidings of our pioneer labourers in the Missionary work. Who will go for us to Kansas? And who will speed them on their way, by prayers, and sympathy, and liberal aid?

COUNCIL CITY, February 18, 1856.

REV. DR. HALLAM:

Dear Sir:—This place, in the centre of that portion of Kansas over which settlements extend, has, for nearly a year, been my home. The natural beauty and fertility of the country far surpasses the Eastern States. Our city is the natural centre of a beautiful tract of country, extending many miles around. Coal, iron, lead, fine marble, limestone, &c., are abundant. The soil was upturned by the plow of the husbandman last Spring, for the first time. The "*City*" is now a small scattered village of rude habitations. Its citizens have, with few exceptions, arrived here since I came. It is a place which, we think, *must* rapidly grow into a populous town. The adjacent country is "claimed" for several miles around, and much of the land is under cultivation.

Notwithstanding Nature has done so much for this locality, we have suffered much from privations incident to pioneer life, among which we count as not the least, the loss of our accustomed religious privileges.

Here, though religion has many friends and advocates, there is no organized Church.

Itinerating Methodist preachers occasionally favour our people with a sermon. Aside from these, we have no public services of the Most High.

In point of intellectual acquirements, morality and religion, society is good, and in proportion to numbers, fully equal to society at the east, with none of the temptations consequent to pampered wealth. Our citizens being mostly of the middle and poorer classes, are scarcely able to provide themselves with homes and the absolute necessities of life. No denomination has yet sufficient numbers or wealth to erect a house of worship, and support a pastor.

I well know that, were I disposed, it would be vain to attempt to interest you in a proselyting effort; but as in morality so in religion, those who lead give character to either.

There are here a small band of Churchmen, a few Christians of other names, who love our solemn *Liturgy*, and would gladly join in its use, besides many others whose prejudices, we trust, would melt away like the dew before the morning sun, had we a pastor imbued with the spirit of the Good Shepherd, and a temple erected in which to worship.

Will not Churchmen at the east give of their abundance to supply our lack? Must our pecuniary destitution, and our isolated situation, deprive us of spiritual food? These, with their attendant ills, could be better borne, had we a spiritual leader to break to us the *bread of life*.

Though our numbers are few, there are here more than two or three who would gladly assemble in the name of the Lord, and improve His

presence. Shall we remain deprived of the enjoyment of the "fellowship of the saints?" Shall we famish in a strange land for want of assistance from the Church of our choice?—the Church to which we date our spiritual birth? May we not hope for aid from her? Or must we be compelled to look elsewhere?

Of our sincerity you will not doubt, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive." A wide field is here open to labourers in the vineyard of Christ. Truly, "the harvest is great, but the labourers are few."

Indulging the hope that you will feel an interest in our spiritual welfare, I venture to make this appeal, in behalf of many of my fellow-citizens, and myself, to the Church, through you, my late and much esteemed pastor. If I have been too presumptuous, please attribute the error to the head and not to the heart. Our situation, feelings and wishes are herein but briefly set forth.

Should this appeal impress you favourably, you will confer a favour by answering at your earliest convenience, informing us what would be the proper course to pursue to secure the desired boon.

If we can, by the assistance of our brethren, who are possessed of a greater abundance of worldly goods, secure for Council City a small Church, and some assistance in supporting a pastor of Apostolic succession, and to ourselves and neighbours the enjoyment of such priceless blessings, we will ever pray for the welfare of our benefactors, and render thanks to Him who ordereth all things well.

With sincere regard, I am,
Respectfully yours.

The First Voice from Nebraska.

AND it is a loud call, an earnest and affecting voice from afar, which cries and pleads in the following interesting letter, which we have been kindly permitted to make use of. In this Macedonian cry from opening Nebraska, as in the clear, constraining call from agitated Kansas, we see the encouragement for every pastor in his proper sphere to sow in patience and to wait in hope. They cast upon the waters, it may be, with many tears and fears, the precious seed and bread of life, and after many days they hear from it, in the far off fields and waving harvests, ready for the sickle and the garner. May the scattered children of the fold, as they unite their earnest cries for aid, not only have a meet response from their more favored brethren of the Church, but the smiles and the help of the Lord of the harvest as he sends forth his faithful messengers, to care for and to guide them in the way

of peace, and thus their hearts be cheered by the earnest voice in the wilderness, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."

OMAHA CITY, NEBRASKA T., *Feb. 25, 1856.*

REV. DR. HAIGHT:

Allow me to address a few lines to you in behalf of a small number of Episcopalians in the far West. I think there has not a minister of our Church ever yet set foot on Nebraska soil; is not this strange when there are "enough and to spare" at the East. Other Churches have sent Missionaries here.—The Methodists, the Baptists, and the Congregationalists have each a minister already on the ground, and the few Romanists have had a spiritual adviser to look after them several times.

I will give you a brief description of our city. It is now about eighteen months since the first house was erected here, and we now number about eight hundred—over six hundred native born Americans, all intelligent, enterprising people, none very rich, none very poor. A better class of people I think cannot be found in any western town.

The Legislature has held two sessions here last winter, the first in the Territory. This is the Capitol of the Territory. Our Capitol building is already begun; it was commenced last August, and will be completed by the coming autumn.

There are about seventy good buildings here, including dwellings, places of business, &c. We have no school-houses or churches yet; we worship in the State House, a small building built for that purpose until the other is completed.

This is a beautiful country, it cannot be surpassed in loveliness; we have good water, a fine soil and very healthy climate. The only objection is the scarcity of timber, of which we have but a very limited supply. We have nothing to fear from the Indians; they are all friendly, and rely upon the white man for protection.

I know not what to ask, I know not what to say, except we very much want a Church planted here, and that it would seem as though the Home Missionary Society could not find a better field to labor in.

We are looking for a large accession of emigrants in the Spring; they are already beginning to arrive. We think this is destined to be one of the largest cities of the West, lying on the Missouri river, and we hope the Pacific Railroad will pass at this point probably within three years.

Our Territorial Secretary, T. B. Cuming, formerly acting Governor, after Governor Burt's death, which happened on his way here soon after this Territory was organized, is the son of Rev. Francis H. Cuming, D. D., of Grand Rapids, Michigan. He is a liberal man, and would do something for a Church.

You ask, probably, why I write to you in particular. I will answer. I sat three years under your preaching in St. Paul's Church, in New-York. I have been a member of the Episcopal Church for the last sixteen years, first in Delhi, Delaware County, and I have never taken my dismissal from that Church. I brought no letter of introduction to the Church, consequently I remained a stranger in my Father's House, going in and out almost every Sunday for three years. We came to this place last September.

May I hope you will interest yourself in this matter.

Yours, with much respect,

Southern Part of California.

From Rt. Rev. W. Ingraham Kip, D. D.

III.—THE PLAINS AND FORT MILLER.

Monday, October 15th.—About 11 o'clock we took leave of our hospitable hosts, several of the officers accompanying us on horseback for our first day's ride. We had the same driver and heavy wagon as before, with six mules, a guide on horseback, and two saddle horses, so that some of us could always ride, and thus relieve ourselves and also lighten the wagon of our weight.

For the first few miles through the pass of the mountains, the scenery was exceedingly wild, and the descent so great that we had to walk most of the way. The road descends 2,400 feet in five miles. From the mountain side we had a view of the plain stretching as far as the eye could reach, and in the distance, glancing in the sunlight, the waters of Kern Lake. Just as we entered on the plain we passed a small Indian village of about 40 persons.

We skirted the mountains for about 12 miles, when we arrived at the Indian Reservation. Here we are obliged to stop for the rest of the day, as Major Townsend is ordered to investigate its condition. There is here a tract of 30,000 acres set apart by government for the Indians, but at present there are somewhat less than 300 residing on it. At this season, however, the wild Indians from the mountains have come down to unite with them in holding their annual Dog Feast, so that there are about 1,000 present. We passed them in groups, almost in a state of nudity, washing their clothes by the little stream which flows through the Reserve, and on reaching their grand encampment stopped and walked through it. Their lodges were arranged in a circle, all opening inwardly. They were lounging in the shade, roasting dogs and eating, while the greater part of those otherwise employed, were gambling. The women particularly seemed to be so intensely occupied in this way that they could scarcely look up to us. They sat in circles on the ground, and the favorite game was one with sticks, a foot long, thrown about like jack-straws.

We drove on about four miles to the residence of the Indian agent. He has a plain house, with a hall and room on each side, where he lives with eight or ten employees. A short distance from the house, on a little knoll, is the grave of one of his men killed a month before by a grizzly.

At dark we determined to visit the Indian camp to witness some of their ceremonies. Horses were provided for us by the agent, under whose guidance we went. There was just moon enough to show the trails as we galloped over the prairies, and long before we reached the camp we heard the sound of the Indian drums. We found them all very busy, fires lighted in all directions, and music, such as it was, sounding about. Some of the party tried dog's meat, but I was willing to take their report of it. This feast was in honor of the dead of the past year, and on one day during its continuance they bury all the effects and clothes of the departed.

There was to be a war dance late in the evening by some of the wild Indians, which was to take place outside of the camp. A large fire was made, and we waited for an hour, during which time some of the more civilized Indians, who had been at one time at the old Missions, were

singing songs. It was curious, however, to hear in how nasal a tone this was done, sounding very much like the intoning of the service by the old padres, from whom they had undoubtedly caught it. Tired out with waiting, I went into an Indian lodge near and threw myself down to rest. As I lay there, looking up to the roof above me, made of tula reeds, the only light being the glare of the fire before the opening of the lodge, and listening to the discordant singing of the Indians without, I could not help thinking how strange it was to find myself in such a situation in this wild country on the Pacific coast.

Hearing at last that the war party had finished painting and were nearly ready, we walked out in search of them. We found them grouped around the dim embers of a fire, so that they were hardly distinguishable, singing in a low droning tone, as if preparing their spirits for the task. After a time they rose, and repairing to where the large fire had been built, ranged themselves before it. The musicians, half a dozen in number, seated on the ground on the other side, began their playing, a rude chant, in which the dancers joined, accompanied by the noise of sticks struck together. The dancers were entirely naked, except a slight girdle round the loins, with a necklace of bear's claws, and a tiara of feathers on their heads. Their bodies were entirely painted, while their leader had a horizontal line drawn across his face just below the nose, the upper half the face being painted white and the lower half black, through which his teeth gleamed like those of a wolf. They had the appearance of demons more than any thing else.

Then commenced the dance, which was most violent in its character, so that the perspiration rolled down from off them in streams. It was a commemoration of the dead, and as those who died in battle were mentioned in succession, the leader went through the representation of their deaths, throwing himself down on the ground and acting the last scene with its struggles and exhaustion. Sometimes he threw himself into the precise attitude of the antique statue, "the Dying Gladiator," at Rome. As the dance went on, they seemed to work themselves up into an intense excitement, and would continue it, we were told, till morning. I confess I was somewhat relieved when late at night the signal was made for our party to disengage themselves from the crowd of Indians and get without the camp preparatory to our return. It was clear star-light, and there was something exhilarating in our ride, as for about an hour we followed the guidance of the Agent over what seemed to us the pathless prairie.

Can anything be done for the spiritual benefit of these Indians? It is difficult to tell, as they are so migratory in their habits, seldom remaining together in large bodies for any length of time. The old padres succeeded with them because there was no outside influence to oppose their schemes. There is every variety of Indian tribe in this region, from the warlike Indians at the north and on the borders of Mexico, down to the Digger Indians, who seem to live a mere degraded animal life. Still, the experiment might be tried on one of the Northern Reservations, where a better class of Indians are collected. Intellectually these Indians seem to be exceedingly bright, and children taken into families as servants learn the English language with great facility.

The Indian Agent entertained us to the best of his ability, giving one room in which there was a bed to myself and son, and the only other room to the rest of our party, who slept on the floor wrapped in their blankets.

Tuesday, October 16th.—We were up by daylight, and after washing at a little stream near the house, had breakfast furnished us at the Agent's. After driving about six miles, we came to some springs called "the

Sinks," where we found two men who had camped during the night. This was the last water we were to see for more than 30 miles, and here, too, we took leave of all evidences of human life for the rest of the day. Before us stretched a plain, scorched, dry, and apparently boundless, without a tree for miles. At a distance, during the earlier part of the day, we saw a lake, the borders of which seemed lined with bands of antelopes.

By mid-day the sun was burning hot, and we dragged over wastes of sand till our animals drooped, and we ourselves were almost exhausted. At noon we halted a few minutes to rest, though in the glare of the sun, and without leaving our wagon, took such lunch as our stores afforded. Then on—on we wiled for the rest of the day. We met but one person—a Mexican on horseback. In the afternoon the ground became rolling, and as we dragged up each knoll, we hoped to see some traces of the promised river, but before us was only a new succession of the same barren mounds. Our guide and driver began an animated discussion about the direction of the different trails, until we feared that they had mistaken their way. At length Major Townsend, riding forward to the crown of one of the mounds, announced that he saw the river below. We found it was in a deep valley, with a line of trees through it showing the presence of water. We left the wagon to let it drive down the precipitous bank, and then walked half a mile to the Kern River, having travelled 33 miles without water.

The Kern River is about 100 feet broad, from two to six feet deep, and flowing with a beautifully clear stream. On the bank we found a canvas shantee belonging to a man who has settled himself here and constructed a scow with which, in the rainy season when the river is high, he ferries over any chance passengers. He warned us to be on our guard, as the Mexicans, some fifty miles above, having been driven out by the inhabitants, were dispersed over the country, and had committed a number of murders.

We crossed the river and camped in a grove of cottonwoods and willows, perfectly tired out. Never was the sight of water so grateful to us, and we now could realize the meaning of the Eastern description—"a barren and dry land where no water is." A good bath in the river, however, refreshed us, and after building our fire and having supper, we spent a pleasant evening reclining on our blankets about the burning logs.

Wednesday, October 17th.—We were awakened before dawn by the howling of the coyotes about us, and after a few hurried mouthfuls were off before six. Late at night we had seen on the opposite side of the river a fire, showing that some others had camped there. At daylight they crossed, and we found they were two men on horseback from the upper mines, crossing the country to Kern River mines. On the plains they had taken the wrong trail and wandered about all day, almost dying of exhaustion. As one of them expressed it—"starved to death for want of water." Providentially, late at night they struck the Kern River.

After leaving the grove by the river, we entered at once among the most desolate hills. Not a sign of herbage was seen in them—not enough to attract a bee. We met with no evidences of animal life through the whole morning, except a large gray wolf, which was stealing away between the hills. As one of our party said, it was "Sahara in mountains." The road (if such it could be called) was an old Indian trail winding through the defiles between these barren hills, and so little worn that most of the time we were obliged to walk to avoid the steep pitches. As the day advanced the heat became almost suffocating, as the hills

excluded all air, while the reflection of the sun from their sandy sides made an intolerable glare.

Our guide informed us that at noon we should reach a camping ground where there was water. At that time we saw indeed a line of green trees in one of the valleys, showing a water course, but on reaching it, we found it almost entirely dry. There were two springs near it, both so strongly impregnated with sulphur that we could not drink of them, so that we had to content ourselves with the hope of reaching White River in the evening. We saw, however, numerous places around where stakes had been driven into the ground for picketting animals, showing that it had been frequently used as a camping ground.

The journey of the afternoon was as oppressive as that of the morning. We were constantly passing deep gulches and over hills where we had to get out and walk. How often, when we had taken refuge behind some rock against the heat of the sun, did we realize the force of that Scripture imagery—"Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land!" Towards evening a large grizzly was seen about a mile from us among the hills. The two gentlemen who were on horseback, together with a third, mounted on our guide's horse, went off with their rifles to attack him, approaching from three points so as to distract his attention, as he would probably make a rush at the first one who fired. But Bruin, probably alarmed by seeing so many approaching, galloped over the hill and took refuge in a ravine where he was lost to them.

At sunset we saw at a distance in the valley the line of green trees which marked the course of White River. Our exhausted animals seemed to toil on with new vigor, but our disappointment cannot easily be described when we found that it was entirely dry, nothing but a bed of shining sand. We had travelled 33 miles, equal to 53 miles of ordinary travelling. We crossed on the dry bed, and ranging up the bank for some distance, came to the canvas house of a squatter, near whom we camped in a grove of oaks. He had dug a shallow well, which was not a spring, but the water oozed up through the earth, and was as muddy, therefore, as the usual water of our gutters. We procured enough, however, to make some tea, though there was none for our poor animals after their hot days' work, and after a hasty meal were soon asleep around our fire.

Thursday, October 18th.—We were stirring long before dawn, and' off as soon as it was light enough to harness, it being necessary to push on as fast as possible to procure water. The country was of the same character as yesterday, sandy and desolate. When going up a hill, we discovered that one of the hind wheels was just coming off. The lynch-pin was gone, and we were detained while our guide rode back some miles to look for it. His search, however, was vain, and one had to be made from wood, though a poor substitute for the iron one, and needing constant watching. About 10 o'clock we found a spring among the hills, surrounded by a clump of willows, where, by building a dam across the little trickling stream, we procured enough for our breakfast and to refresh our wearied animals. After leaving this spot, from the side of a hill we had a striking view of the Great Tulare Valley. It stretched as far as the horizon, one unbroken, scorched, and yellow waste, with what seemed a single thread of green running through it, showing the course of Deep Creek.

A few miles on we met a wretched looking object travelling on foot on his way from the mines. He seemed almost exhausted, and we relieved his wants, as far as we could, by giving him something to eat and drink, and directing him where he could find the spring we had left. A couple of hours afterwards we met the sheriff with an assistant, who in-

formed us he had been breaking up a band of robbers, some of whom had been taken, while others were still lurking within thickets on Tulare River, where we expected to encamp.

At noon we reached Three Creeks, but found it dry. A squatter by the river had, however, dug some pits, from which we procured a small supply of water. We passed through the same kind of country till the middle of the afternoon, when we saw at a distance the trees on the banks of Tulare River. We crossed it and camped in a grove of oaks. After a refreshing bath in its beautiful clear waters, we had a visit from a Mr. G —, who had settled on the river near our camping ground. He invited us to tea, which we were most happy to accept, and we shall long remember the hospitality of these good people. Their house was but a single room, with a couple of beds in the corners, but they gave us a capital tea, at which they presided with a dignity not often seen in "the states." We spent an hour after tea with our host, during which time he entertained us with adventures in the wilderness and stories of grizzlies attacking parties in the thickets by the river where we had camped. We probably that night were a little more careful than usual in keeping our fire replenished.

Friday, October 19th.—On our way, as usual, by daybreak. I awoke with a feeling of illness which increased during our drive of 19 miles over a scorched plain. We at length entered an oak forest of the most splendid trees, having in it here and there small settlements of Indians, who were busily engaged in collecting their winter store of acorns. After going through this for nine miles we came to a stream called "Four Creeks," which we crossed and camped beyond among the oaks. It was but little past noon, but the next water being 18 miles on, it was too far for our mules to go that day. The woods here seemed to be swarming with Indians, so that we are obliged to keep a strict watch on our wagon.

My illness having increased, I lay down on the hard boards of the wagon, where I remained till sundown, thinking, in case I was to be really ill, what should I do?—two days' journey from any settlement or physician. Life in the wilderness answers in perfect health, but not in sickness. Towards evening, feeling better, probably from rest and abstinence, I crossed the river to a shell of a house which a squatter had erected on the opposite side, where we procured tea. The woman who prepared it for us was suffering from fever and ague, which is common on all these river bottoms. Her wretched appearance did not impress us favorably with regard to our night's rest in the open air in this malarious atmosphere.

Saturday, October 19th.—Up before light, and drove about nine miles through the oaks to a solitary house where we procured breakfast. The house consisted of but one room, three of the corners of which were occupied by beds. The next 18 miles were over the hot plains—then about seven miles through the forest again, crossing several dry river beds filled with cobble stones, till late in the afternoon we reached King's River, a bright stream about 200 feet wide. We forded it, and found on the opposite side a beautiful plateau covered with oaks. Two teamsters had camped there with their mules, who told us they were obliged to cross the plains we had been over, in the night, to avoid the excessive heat. There were large bodies of Indians on the banks, whom we visited after our camping was arranged. They employed themselves in fishing and hunting, being exceedingly skillful with the bow and arrow.

Being out of provisions, we purchased some fish of the Indians, while Major Townsend and our guide forded the river on horseback, and riding up some distance came to a settler's house, where they bought some

chickens and eggs. The fallen trees around us furnished an abundant supply of fuel for our cooking and fires through the night.

We had expected this night to have reached Fort Miller, but found ourselves 30 miles distant. We had been mistaken in our calculations from the necessity of arranging our journies each day with regard to the supply of water. Stay where we were, however, over Sunday, we could not. We had no provisions, and the air was so malarious, that we found the Indians about us, though born on the spot, were decreasing in numbers through the effects of the fever and ague. Nothing remained for us, therefore, but to push on next morning, and reach Fort Miller as early as possible, that a portion of the day at least might be devoted to its proper objects.

Sunday, October 21st.—We were up this morning by four o'clock, long before the faintest streak of dawn appeared in the east. After a hasty breakfast of sea-biscuit and hard-boiled eggs, we set off while it was so dark that we could not see the trail through the open woods, but were obliged for some miles to trust to the sagacity of the mules, leaving them to walk and find the path for themselves. After a few miles we emerged from the oak openings, when the rest of our way was, as usual, over the dusty, scorched plains. Between 10 and 11 o'clock we reached the hills overlooking Fort Miller, and walked on, leaving the heavy wagon to plunge down the steep hill side as it best could. We passed through the infant town of Millerton, on the San Joaquin River, about half a mile from the fort. It consists of some 20 houses, most of them of canvas, two or three being shops, and the majority of the rest drinking saloons and billiard rooms. The population is Mexican, or the lowest class of whites, and on this day they seemed to be given up entirely to dissipation.

The fort is situated on a plateau overlooking the town and river. It is an artillery fort, and at this time had but 70 men stationed here. The service of our Church had never been performed here, nor had there been anything to mark the day when Sunday came. Arrangements were soon made after our arrival for the service in the evening, and a broad hall in one of the buildings devoted to the officers was cleared for that purpose. The officers attended and many of the soldiers, and after the Second Lesson I baptized the child of one of the privates. A beginning having thus been made, before I left the fort I licensed Dr. M —, the surgeon, a communicant of our Church, to act as lay-reader, and arrangements were made for having the service regularly every Sunday.

We remained at the post for ten days, resting from the fatigue of our journey and enjoying the open hospitality of the officers. Our arrangements were made to leave on Wednesday, leaving behind Major T., whose professional duties required him to remain for a few days, and one other of our party. Here, too, we left our wagon, for a small stage had recently penetrated as far as Fort Miller. It had only made two trips when we had occasion to employ it. It runs to Snelling's—about 70 miles—where we are in the region of the regular stage routes.

It came for us before daylight, and taking leave of our hospitable entertainers, we commenced our journey on the banks of the San Joaquin. About nine o'clock we stopped at a solitary house intended for teamsters, where for one dollar each we had a breakfast, but everything was so filthy that we could hardly eat even after our long morning ride. The drive for the whole day was over the same kind of country as during the preceding week, desolate plains varied with an occasional hill, and now and then a cattle ranch. We drove on through the whole route without stopping except to change horses until night, when we reached Snelling's Tavern, a central point from which stages go up through Mariposa county.

The next morning the stage started at four o'clock, fortunately bright moonlight, which lasted till daylight took its place. We had half a dozen passengers, including a Chinese. After fording Stanislaus River we had another wretchedly filthy breakfast at a tavern on its banks. The country we passed through began now to show signs of cultivation. Oak trees are scattered park-like through it, and we passed rich farms, increasing as we approached Stockton. We reached there at 4 P. M., just in time for the boat, and the next morning awoke at the wharf in San Francisco, after being absent about a month.

Thanks to a kind providence, after all the dangers we had passed through, we reached home without a single accident or any case of illness among our party. I was able to accomplish all I designed. Knowing the state of things at Los Angeles, I can now speak understandingly to any clergyman who can go there, and I trust before next spring some such will be provided. Forts Tejon and Miller will have the services of the Church regularly through their lay-readers, and need not again be visited for a long while. The remainder of the country we have passed through cannot evidently be settled for many years, and I shall probably, therefore, never again be obliged to travel the same route we did on this occasion.

Maine.

Lewiston—Rev. F. Gardner.

The town of Lewiston is a new manufacturing place, including in one village, divided by the Androscoggin river, parts of the three towns of Lewiston, Auburn and Danville. The population being almost entirely a growth of the last three years is vaguely and very variously estimated, and it is impossible to tell its amount with accuracy. The water power is great, considerably larger than at Lowell or Lawrence; but, as yet, improved only to a comparatively small extent. There are, however, already nearly seventy thousand spindles in operation, and arrangements are in progress in the expectation of a large increase. The town, sooner or later, must become a very important place, and is now growing rapidly. There are here a small number of faithful Church people, but, as might be expected from the character of the town, there is little pecuniary ability among them. The congregations at our services are large and apparently interested, but would, doubtless, be increased as well as made more permanent by the possession of a church building. Until then the Church will hardly be looked upon by the public as having a permanent foothold in a population which, as always in manufacturing towns, must be fluctuating.

Delaware.

Lewes—Rev. William Wright.

HAVING so recently assumed the charge of this district, it is hardly worth while to give any account of the number of times I have preached at the several Churches. I have, however, been thrice prevented from filling

my appointments by the inclemency of the weather ; while last Sunday afternoon, I had a cold drive of seven miles to the Church at Baltimore Mills, and found nobody there.

This cold weather is calling many of the aged and the sickly from this world to their last home. It is pleasing to record that of these some are desirous to go and "to be with Christ, which is far better." An aged couple, whom I visited last Saturday, and an old man, whom I saw on Monday, all, both expressed a desire to leave this world, as well as a hope of going to a better. I read to them a portion of the 4th of 2 Cor., into the spirit of which they seemed to enter.

Florida.

St. Augustine—Rev. A. A. Miller.

SINCE my annual report I have not been absent from this place for a day, or missed any of my regular appointed services, which have been two on every Sunday, and two during the week, besides one on all Holy Days ; during the present season I have three in the week. On the afternoons of all Sundays I have usually catechized the children, except in Lent, when I have preached or lectured in reference to the subject of confirmation, which, I hope, will be administered in April or May.

I have not visited Pilatka, because they have been unprepared to make any provision for holding services there. The Church is not more advanced than it was at my last report, owing to sundry mistakes about orders, and long delays in communicating with the architect at New-York. Little can be accomplished there without a settled pastor ; and I am glad to hear there is some prospect of their securing one, who will be a valuable acquisition to our Diocese. An active Missionary at that point would find opportunity for building up the Church all around him, and it is of greatest consequence there should be no delay in securing one.

My own parish seems to be prospering, and I have felt better satisfied with being obliged to confine my labours within its limits, because we have had an unusual influx of strangers at an earlier period than they generally visit us, and consequently my time has been fully occupied. The fact that we are favored in this way with northern visitors, during several months in the year, causes these stations in Florida to be of special importance, and the general interests of the Church require that they should be always supplied. Pity it is that your committee do not feel able to make a much larger appropriation to this diocese, that our anxious Bishop might feel better prepared to invite clergy to take charge. But we may hope that northern friends will bear us in mind, and all true-hearted members of the Church will feel, that it is for their own interest as well as for her prosperity, to aid so far as they can in establishing or sustaining Missionaries wherever they can be placed. A single case, which I could myself furnish, and I doubt not my brother at Jacksonville could add others, of the dying invalid being brought, through pastoral offices, to a faith and obedience that calmed his soul in humble hope, ere entering into rest with Christ, should be enough to awaken interest among all who have friends needing a refuge in our southern clime, as the only promise of recovering health. In a far off land of strangers, they would find friends and a home in the Church, which would be all-sufficient for their comfort whether in life or death.

Illinois.

Providence and Tiskilwa—Rev. F. B. Nash.

PROVIDENCE and Tiskilwa are about five miles apart. I preach at each place on the Sabbath: in the morning, alternately, at one; and in the afternoon at the other. I shall, probably, hereafter have a monthly appointment at Princeton, the county-seat of Bureau county, some six miles from Tiskilwa, and eleven from Providence. Ten of the families included in the number, I have reported as connected with the Church at Tiskilwa, live in Princeton and its neighbourhood.

Were all the friends of the Church in Bureau county in a single neighbourhood, they would make quite a respectable congregation. They are, however, much scattered. The degree to which they are scattered is a very serious hindrance to effectual co-operation for Church purposes. It will probably, however, lead to the building up of several congregations in the country, in the end.

Most of the members and friends of the Church, in the country, are farmers in prosperous circumstances. The community at Providence is almost entirely a farming community.

We have a comfortable meeting-place at Providence, and hope to have one soon at Tiskilwa.

They have in possession a building lot for a parsonage at Providence, and an out-lot of some seven acres besides, and have collected in subscriptions nearly \$700 already, for building a parsonage. I think they will build one during the winter.

They say they will build a Church at Tiskilwa next season. If they do not next season, I think they will do so ere long.

The want of teachers has prevented my organizing a Sunday-School at Providence as yet, I being unable to attend to it.

I found a Union Sunday-School at Tiskilwa when I went there. I have not thought it expedient to try, as yet, to organize one of our own, especially as most of the members of our Church lived at such a distance that their children could not attend. The average attendance upon our services at Tiskilwa, is, I should think, considerably upwards of a hundred. At Providence, the average number attending is from seventy-three to a hundred. I have preached several times at other places to quite respectable congregations.

There is, I think, an encouraging prospect that the Church in Bureau county will soon be able to sustain itself. It is one of the finest counties in the State. The sun shines upon no fairer region than this section of Illinois. Railroads, already completed, pass through it in various directions. Numerous villages are growing up all around. The country is being rapidly filled up with a thriving, intelligent population. The importance of sustaining suitable efforts for planting our Church throughout this region, whilst its social elements are, in a great degree, in an unfixed condition, cannot be overestimated.

Wisconsin.

Oshkosh—Rev. D. W. Tolford, Missionary.

At the date of my last report to the Committee, we had made considerable progress in a subscription for a Church edifice. We have now increased the subscription to about \$3,000. One noble work we have accomplished. I ascertained that a beautiful property, situated near the centre of the city, comprising two lots, each 60 feet by 130, extending across a block from street to street, being corner lots, and commanding the cross street, with a house erected thereon which would answer for a parsonage, could be obtained, and set myself at work to secure the same, knowing what a rich inheritance it would be to the Church, if I could accomplish the object. At first, I met with but little encouragement, the vestry leaning generally to the purchase of but a single lot for the Church, indefinitely postponing the matter of a parsonage lot and parsonage. But I worked on in faith, knowing how much was at stake, myself being collector, agent and paymaster, and I *did succeed*. We bought the property—paying \$600 down for the Church lot—obtaining it free from all encumbrance; and securing the parsonage lot and parsonage, for \$600 more, payable in twelve months. When this work was done, I felt that we had indeed scaled the first Alp. From the \$600 to be paid for the parsonage lot and parsonage, I am anxious that the parish should be relieved by the general Church, and would, accordingly, make the application, feeling that we may with justice do so, purchasing as we do the Church lot, and building, as we hope to, without aid from abroad, the Church. And I would the more press this now, as a Church which would answer our *present* purposes, does not seem to be the kind of Church which should be built here, the city is so rapidly increasing, (numbering, at this point, already, in city and original township, over five thousand inhabitants)—in short, this parish, notwithstanding its newness and comparative weakness, building at all, must build not merely for the present, but for posterity. Consequently, if the General Church will relieve us of the parsonage lot and parsonage payment, we will have the more courage and means to devote to the erection of a *suitable* Church edifice. I know, at present, of no benefaction that would accomplish a greater good, at so small an outlay. If some wealthy and benevolent individual, at the east, would make us a present of the parsonage lot and parsonage, it would be a noble work, and not only the writer of this, (who writes in the “dining-room,” having no “study” in his present cramped and uncomfortable quarters,) but many a successor would have cause to call that individual blessed. Any persons desirous of contributing to the parsonage lot and parsonage fund, can remit to *Edward Eastman, Esq.*, Treasurer of Trinity Church, &c., stating the object. Such remittance, or remittances, will be duly acknowledged, and directly applied. The ladies have already, at a “Festival,” raised \$75 towards removing and fitting up the parsonage. I may remark, that the property which we have obtained for *twelve hundred dollars*, has already greatly increased in value, owing to the rise of property, and the press for desirable sites, and could now be sold at from *two thousand to twenty-five hundred*—so that the moment I secured the property, I cleared for the Church not less than a thousand dollars. We have been delayed in our Church building, in consequence of doubt about materials; there having been a question whether the brick made here would stand. Our desire is to build of brick, if safe; and it is now thought that good brick has been

produced. Whether we build of brick or wood, our plan will probably be, to have the ground ready, materials drawn, and the doors, windows and roofing all prepared, so as to put the building together with the first opening of Spring. It is so late now, we cannot well do more this Fall and coming Winter.

I have held services two or three times in the neighbouring township of Vinland, on Sunday afternoons, and preached to attentive audiences. We have a few communicants there, and they prize occasional services highly.

Recently I made an interesting Missionary tour to the regions of the Upper Wolf. The Wolf River, which empties into the Fox about twelve miles above this place, from that point stretches far away northward towards Lake Superior, being navigable for steamboats one hundred and fifty miles. The upper branches of the Wolf drain a country known as the "Wolf River District." The whole Wolf River region is new, but is rapidly improving. Especially upon its lower waters do we see such improvements—villages springing up, emigration marching on, piercing these wilds; and where, yesterday, were districts without inhabitants, to-day are waving fields and ripening harvests. Upon the waters of the Upper Wolf, all through those districts, may be heard the stroke of the axe, hard by the ringing saw, echoing through pine forests; while, at intermediate points between those forests, where the land is better, the "openings" of emigrants let in the sunlight amid ancient groves. The country is diversified. Upon the Lower Wolf, marsh fields, prairies, oak openings, generally skirted with timbered land, and interspersed with lakes; upon the Upper Wolf, pine forests, alternating with heavier timber, and a more rolling country. But all through these regions there is excellent land, and much that can yet be obtained at Government prices. In this district of country, a gentleman from Vermont, an Episcopalian, had built mills upon the Little Wolf, a stream emptying into the larger river of that name, and he had been anxious that I should visit that region, and hold services at the mills. Accordingly, I made the appointment, and left here on Saturday morning by the steamboat, but owing to detention of the boat, did not arrive at *Muckwa*, a small village at the mouth of the Little Wolf, until early Sunday morning. There I met the proprietor of the mills, also two Episcopal families, who had come several miles across the country, hearing there was to be an Episcopal clergyman upon the Upper Wolf, bringing their children for baptism. They had been in the country several years, but had never, since they came, seen an Episcopal clergyman, or heard the services of the Church. There was quite a rejoicing at my coming, for they feared there might be some disappointment. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, and we walked over two miles and a half, most of the way through a pine forest, to the mills; and, as you may suppose, I met with a glad welcome. There are four families at the mills, all connected, and all Episcopalian, viz.: the proprietor, two married sons, and a son-in-law; occupying separate dwellings. The houses are situated upon an elevated site, overlooking the mills, surrounded by forest pines—it is a beautiful spot. Preparations had been made for services in the largest house—seats of boards being arranged around three adjoining rooms, furnishing a really commodious place of worship; the speaker standing in the central room. The congregation assembled was quite large, which came from the surrounding country, winding through forest paths. As the different groups entered the open space around the mills, I thought I had never witnessed a more picturesque scene. It was a scene to be remembered. The blessed Sabbath morn—the quietude over all—

the clangor of the mill was still—the gathering groups around—the stately forests, where, down through long vistas, seemed to float a soft and hazy shade, at intervals the sunlight flickering through like a bright smile from God. Yes, it was a scene to be remembered—a holy scene—a *Sabbath in the wilderness!* A number of the scattered friends of the fold were there, some of them from a distance, coming joyfully at the Church's call; there were ten communicants present; and as the responses of the Church went up around me, from that forest-home, from those wanderers thus so gathered, blending with the anthems of the winds, which came swelling through pine forests, never did I more realize the Divine presence. Never did I minister to a congregation under circumstances more touching, more solemn, more calculated to impress upon me my own obligations, the importance of the Missionary work, and the preciousness of souls. The subject of my sermon was the "New Birth." May God bless the word. May God bless that dear people, who really seem nearer to me than many to whom I constantly minister. I baptized one adult, who will be a candidate for confirmation, and three children. On my next visit I shall administer the Holy Communion. This was the first time that the services of the Church had been celebrated upon the waters of the Upper Wolf. I thank God for that Sunday, for the visit, and trust that I returned from it a wiser, and, I hope, a better man, at least so far as more enlarged views of the great Missionary enterprise may be concerned. The proprietor of the mills thinks of building a Chapel there, if there is any prospect of obtaining a Missionary. A gentleman who has mills at *Muckwa*, voluntarily offered to raise a hundred dollars there, if I would supply them with occasional services. On Monday I bade adieu to the dear friends at the mills, whom may God bless, and returned down the river, to fill another appointment which I had for Monday evening, at *Wenanwega*, a flourishing village three miles west of Wolf River, in *Wanpaca* county. Here there was the same glad welcome—the same *jubilee* as before. A description of my visit here would be, in many respects, but a repetition of that upon Little Wolf. Here I found four Episcopal families, and other families who are friendly, and would support the Church, and four communicants. I baptized one adult, a very interesting lady, the head of a family, who will be a candidate for confirmation, and five children. We had services in the Presbyterian house, which was kindly loaned, with a good response, and I preached to a large and attentive audience. Here they think they can build a Chapel. I advised them, by all means, to secure lots for a Church and parsonage; which they will set about. It is thought by the Episcopalians which I have visited, that one Chapel can be built upon the Little Wolf, another at *Wenanwega*, and a third at *Wanpaca Falls*, farther west, where there are also Episcopal families; and that if a Missionary could be sent into this district of country, he would be at once supported, and could do a noble work. Truly, the harvest is ripe for the sickle, but where are the reapers? On Tuesday I returned home. I hope to visit the families upon the Wolf once more this Fall, but know not that I shall be able. Well may we pray the "Lord of the harvest to send forth more labourers into the harvest." All over these glorious regions of the west, the way is open for the Church. Who will enter in? How much shall we do? We want strong men here—good Churchmen; but strong, earnest, evangelical men; "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

Beaver Dam, etc.—Rev. L. D. Brainard.

SINCE I was appointed Missionary to Dodge county, Wis., I have been holding stated services at Beaver Dam, Fox Lake, and Mayville, and

occasional services at Horicon. All these stations are in Dodge county, and destined to be very large and important places. If we can succeed in planting the Church in all these towns we shall do well. We do not look for a very rapid growth of the church at present.

Beaver Dam has a population of over three thousand souls, and is rapidly on the increase. We have secured a lot, worth at the lowest computation, \$500, and have now subscribed over one thousand dollars for a church edifice, and I think we shall, with some assistance from abroad, be able soon to commence our church building. We have but few communicants of the Church, (principally English,) but we have large congregations, which appear to be constantly on the increase.

Fox Lake has a population of about 1,500 souls, and is a very enterprising, wealthy town. The Church people are taking hold with a will and determination to build up the Church here. Dr. Dexter has secured for the Church two beautiful lots, on which we expect to build in a year or two.

One confirmed, several adults and children to be baptized soon. Our beloved Bishop will visit Mayville and Horicon next Sunday, and hold confirmation.

At Horicon we expect to get a lot this year so as to commence building year after next if possible. I have to do all my missionary labours on foot. On an average I walk over twenty-five miles on each Sunday, and preach twice. I have in addition to my duties as Missionary to Dodge county, Wis., as defined at these stations, baptised one child at Ashippa, buried an infant at Burnett Corners, and married two couples at Oak Grove, Wis.

I o w a .

Des Moines Co.—Rev. J. Batchelder.

I MUST request you to excuse the lateness of my writing, on account of severe protracted sickness. Up to the time of my sickness, I have continued regular services, chiefly at Washington and Danville. Washington is a portion of what was formerly considered a part of Pleasant Grove township, which has recently been formed into a township, and in their great poverty of names, they called it Washington. There is there a very interesting population, consisting partly of Welsh emigrants, to whom I have ministered with great satisfaction, to myself at least, and with the cheering hope that my labours have not been in vain. There is a considerable number of Episcopalians, and a considerable portion of the community attend the services of the Church with apparent seriousness and devotion. When I have preached, the school-house, where we meet, has been uniformly crowded, and generally numbers outside. I have baptized one child there, and four of our number have been laid in their long and silent resting-place. We most urgently need a Church there. The people would themselves accomplish a great portion of the requisite labour. Although they have an abundance of the best land, they have but little money. Three or four hundred dollars from abroad, to purchase materials, would enable them to accomplish at once this most desirable object,

and to ensure the permanent establishment of the Church in a most interesting region, where its order and serious devotion is much needed. I have felt a reluctance to solicit this favour from the public.

Early in the service, I became acquainted with an intelligent man there, from Wales, who was familiar with the Church service, but he had strayed into other folds. He always attended with apparent devotion, and took a conspicuous part in the services, when I preached there. I felt greatly encouraged by his kindness, and zeal, and earnestness. But, alas! this was to be but of short continuance. In July he was struck down in the harvest-field by the dread destroyer, cholera, and in a few short hours he was no more. His wife and two of his children followed in quick succession to the abodes of the dead. When I heard of this, I could not but mourn their speedy departure; at the same time I blessed God for the high privilege I had enjoyed, of proclaiming his saving truth to those departed ones, whose souls seemed edified and built up in our most holy faith. It was a compensation for all my toil.

We have lost several of our number at Danville, by removal. But the attendance is good, when I preach there. May the Lord bless His holy Word, and make it a savor of life unto life to many.

There are some other places where I had hoped to establish regular preaching, and shall do so yet, if the Lord sends me health and strength. Indeed this field is white for the harvest. It is my grief and sorrow, that I am constrained to toil much for a living, when all my desire is to spend and be spent in the ministering of the Word, and when I ought to live by the Gospel as God hath ordained. Oh! if our Rectors would travel west, and see our condition and prospects, instead of spending so much time and money in going to Europe for sight-seeing, they would soon cause money to be more abundant to carry on the Missionary operations of the Church. I pray them most seriously to consider their duty in this matter.

I am much grieved to hear of the sudden death of the late Dr. Darrow. He came to Illinois when a very few of us were labouring to establish the then infant Diocese in that State. He chose his field of labour in comparative obscurity, and seemed to have no ambition but that of doing good. He most diligently laboured in devout imitation of the high example of Him who went about doing good. He was a good man, whose worth the world knew not. His memorial is on high. His flesh resteth in hope. May my end be that of the righteous.

I, too, have been smitten down by the same fell disease that brought him to his grave; but, hitherto, the Lord hath spared me. May all my life be devoted to His service.

Keokuk—Rev. G. Denison.

I have now to report that we expect to occupy our enlarged church on Sunday next. By a strong effort, we have raised among ourselves the money for this work, and shall be entirely out of debt, I hope, in three or four weeks.

Our church is now large enough and good enough for our present necessities, and I do hope and trust that within twelve months our income will so increase as that we shall be in a condition to ask that a part, at least, of our stipend be given to others.

A beautiful Communion Service has been presented to us by friends of Missions in the East, through the hands of our beloved Bishop Lee.

The importance of securing lots for churches and parsonages in this country *early*, may be seen by our example. Some five years ago two lots were given us, one for a church and one for a parsonage. They were then worth from \$100 to \$200. They are now worth from \$3,000 to \$4,000! What *then* was little accounted of, now would be beyond our reach.

T e x a s .

Anderson—Rev. H. Pratt.

AFTER resigning the charge of the Diocesan School, or St. Paul's College, letters were written by friends, known and unknown—all Churchmen—requesting me to visit them before determining where to locate. The trip was made—after the slow but surest mode of travelling in Texas—on a mule. A missionary in this new state is obliged to travel in this manner, if he would “go out into the highways and hedges.”

The first thing found worthy of note was a rail-road. It had been so long since my eyes had been gratified by such a sight, that I entered the depot, and seating myself in a car, for a few minutes called up thoughts of the past spent in a land where every everything is done fast. The time will come, and that soon, no doubt, when travellers in Texas will not, as now, have to swim swollen “branches” on a mustang or donkey, with saddle-bags on their shoulders, and not get bogged down in muddy creeks, that will almost “bog a saddle-blanket.” Secret societies, internal improvement, agriculture, commerce and education, are beginning to move by steam, while the Church is *working its way* on something else than a steam vehicle.

At Houston the pulpit is vacant; its excellent occupant having been compelled by ill health to resign, and remove to a higher latitude. He was effecting great good. At Galveston is the citadel of Episcopacy in Texas. The parish was organized about sixteen years ago by the present incumbent. He has continued at his post through storm and pestilence, and consequently is greatly endeared to his people.

A suitable Church edifice is soon to be erected for the accommodation of his large and increasing congregation.

In Brazoria county, where the Rev. J. F. Young, now of Trinity Church, New-York, was once located, and where his labours are remembered with gratitude, and their fruits manifest, great interest is felt to have the services of the Church—an active clergyman among them. One is needed *now*. The county is large, populous and wealthy—the garden of Texas. The citizens are most hospitable, intelligent and refined. The Church is better appreciated than where there is less intelligence. A Presbyterian remarked that “Episcopalians are generally better educated than other denominations.” Church schools are greatly needed, that all may become *better educated*. Three planters offered \$1,000 per annum to teach their children, and fit their sons for college, a home in their families, and also the privilege of receiving other scholars into the school. Pious educated laymen could find many situations where they could do much for the cause of Church education. The clergy are so few they should give themselves wholly to the Ministry of the Word.

A gentleman, who previously had offered \$100, if I would come into the county and preach for them occasionally, assured me that three or four hundred dollars could be easily raised towards a clergyman's salary. I saw a commodious building, which, at his own expense, he is fitting up for divine service. It is now occupied by Methodists and Presbyterians. He is like hundreds to be met with in the state—was raised in, and his predilections are for our Church. Some communicants I visited, who had not seen a clergyman for six years. There is no one to administer the Sacraments. They will support a pastor without aid from the Missionary Board. At Brazoria they subscribed \$300, and at Columbia the same amount. They will give the three sums mentioned to the support of *the Church, and not the man*. They are truly in earnest, and will give, what is far better for the cause than money, the influence of consistent example and their earnest co-operation. They said "come," or do all you can to get us a minister. I heard of a poor widow, who has experienced deep affliction. She was once very affluent, but is now poor. The road was long, and so muddy as to be almost impassable, but the joy and consolation it gave the widow and fatherless children more than doubly compensated for all the labour of getting there. She spoke of her afflictions, and expressed lively gratitude to Him whose strength had enabled her to bear them. In her afflictions, what she had needed most, was a kind pastor to bury her dead, and console the living by teaching them that "He gave, He took, He can restore; He doeth all things well." She could cheerfully endure poverty, but it was hard to be deprived of Church privileges. She had not the means of getting to Church, if stated services were held at the nearest point, but her pastor would visit her, when he could spare the time from his own duties. The widow's mite, which she of her penury would cast into the treasury, was twenty dollars. This is not a solitary instance. "*Ab uno disce omnes.*"

In the county is a Romish priest, who showed me no little attention, and although his Bishop was there at the time on a visitation, he and several of his people went out to hear what they call heresy. He has no influence outside, and very little within, his Church. He hoped that I would locate there, "for," said he, "there are many in favor of your denomination, and many who have no preferences, whom I cannot reach." The happy mean is more easily *reached*, perhaps he thought, than the other extreme.

An active clergyman—and such only Texas especially needs—could preach at the three stations above mentioned, and have charge of a female school at the central point. This the citizens and people of the county greatly desire. The Methodists commenced a brick house for worship. It was abandoned when about half ready for use, and could be purchased for a small sum. These places are ten miles apart, healthy, and easy of access from Galveston. From Columbia, a ride of about 95 miles, mostly across prairies abounding in deer and cattle, brought me to Columbus, a pleasant and thriving place situated on the Colorado. A Lutheran clergyman kindly offered me his pulpit, which I occupied three times. But four Episcopal sermons had previously been preached there. There are seven or eight communicants, and as many candidates for confirmation. I baptized two adults. The Masons are desirous of establishing a good female school. Twelve trustees are appointed, who individually obligate themselves to pay \$1,500 per annum for the services of a gentleman and lady to teach forty scholars. Should the number exceed that, they will engage another teacher. A commodious room is fitted up in the lower part of the lodge. Some of the trustees

are neutral in religion, and willing the others should engage an Episcopal clergyman as they desire, and have attempted to do. A subscription of \$400 has been raised towards a salary, and they wish the clergyman to divide his time equally among three places. They have, at interest, 250 dollars, to be expended as he may think best for the good of the Church. In about one year this place, it is believed, will be the terminus of the Harrisburg Rail-road. It is now completed to Richmond, where is another good opening for Church and school. At Lagrange a Presbyterian minister offered me his pulpit and study, and instructed his obedient people to attend Church.

There are six communicants, and several who admire the Liturgy and the orderly manner in which Episcopalians conduct divine worship. There is not in the state a better location for a female school of the first order, and where the need of one is more felt than here. They assured me they will raise \$300.

At Bastrop there are several Churchmen. They are willing to do liberally if they can but have a pastor's services occasionally. At San Antonio, Lamerca, Indianola and *many* other places, clergymen are needed. There are about twelve in this state, which is forty times the size of Connecticut. Not half the number were raised in the Church. How can a supply of clergy be obtained? Ask the many lawyers and physicians of Texas whose parents were Churchmen. The lawyer would refer you to the law. "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." 1 Cor. ix., 14.

The physician would recommend to all Church parents a different course of treatment from that now practised towards their sons.

Ask the many Churchmen who consider that to get their sons appointments at West Point is far more desirable than to have them enter the General Theological Seminary. They can inform you why there is so great a deficiency. The grey hairs of very, *very* few parents are brought down with sorrow to the grave by those dedicated to minister at the altar. Ask the many clergymen who labour for years in preaching and teaching the young, using the strictest economy in clothes and bread, and depriving themselves of the books they require, in order that they may liquidate the debts incurred while studying for the sacred ministry. They can inform you how the great need can be supplied. Ask their sons why so few of them intend taking holy orders. They will reply: their fathers, to obtain a support for their families, "to keep soul and body together," are obliged to labour incessantly early and late. They think the labourer is worthy of his hire—that he should, if he devote his time, and talents, and life to the great work of saving souls, be so supported, that when "worn out," he will not leave those dependent in want.

Texas has justly been called "the poor man's home." It certainly is the poor clergyman's home. If he must teach, there are, as I have already said, many openings, where, at the same time that he is getting a good respectable living, he can lay something by for a wet day, and what is better, be doing the Church excellent service by instructing the young in the pure doctrines of the primitive faith, and thus bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

One principal object I had in view in making the trip, and giving this missionary intelligence, is to show *what can be done* in this growing state *without aid from the Missionary Funds*, and to get your aid in inducing clergymen to "come over and help us"—to locate where they will be well supported, without assistance from charitable donations or from

abroad, and where they will find themselves independent and useful, "on the prairies and in the bottoms of Texas."

Clergymen are so few and scattered now, their greetings are "like angels' visits."

Clergymen of "shady-side," or "sunny-side," we should be happy to receive your visits. We will share with you our hoe-cake and bacon, made from corn our hands have tended. You shall eat of honey from the forest tree, and drink, as your tastes may decide, an abundance of sweet milk, clabber, or butter-milk. You shall be furnished with mules to ride—those expert in swimming. If you "need a change,"—recruiting, a few excursions "flushing turkies" or "breasting the deer," will be more beneficial to your health than a visit to St. Peter's or a Mosque. And then the expense will not be one-half so great.

Your account of what you saw in Texas—the old Spanish Missions, Sour Lake, Indian villages, Enchanted Rock, and many other curiosities, will be less hackneyed, and hence more entertaining than "Eastern correspondence, life and travels." Should you return, which, we hope and believe, many of you would not do, you will make known through "THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS," that Texans *are* a great people, but not the sons of Anak; and that the country does not eat up the inhabitants thereof; and, like Joshua, the son of Nun, and Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, you will report that "the land which you passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land—a land that floweth with milk and honey."—Vide *Numbers*, xiii., xiv.

Lockhart—Rev. J. Wood Dunn.

The great pressure in monetary affairs which bore so heavily upon the country generally, one year since, is just now crushing our people into the dust, (but not of humiliation and penitence), I fear.

And as we have no banks, and the immigration, upon which we principally depend for bringing money into the country, has been but light this fall and winter, I see but little prospect of speedy relief. I received a letter, a few days since, from a brother Missionary, in which he says, his people have been promising him but *little* and giving him *nothing*, until he is involved in debt, and has gone to work to make something to live on. Brother Hedges has literally starved out and gone. Rottenstein and Nicholson have left; and poor struggling Texas looks gloomy enough. And to add to the gloom, I can scarcely pick up a religious paper, in which there is not something said about aiding the *West*, either by sending and supporting Missionaries, or aiding them in securing lands for Church sites, and to aid in building Churches; but not a word about aiding the southwest. I do not complain of the aid granted to the west, but it does seem to me, that a Church that knows no sectional lines, should not have its energies all directed into one channel. And especially does it appear so, when I look upon the map and see what a *vast* country Texas and New-Mexico is, all of which *must* be occupied by the Church. And the only way to reach Mexico proper, is through Texas.

There are as good lands—lands which can be had as cheap, and which are rising in value as rapidly in Texas as any in the country. And why, I would ask, may there not be a society organized to aid *us* in securing some of *these* lands? I will engage to secure the services of a competent agent to locate them, if the money is forthcoming.

Do not think that we are going to give up. If the work was of man's devising, we might well be discouraged; but believing it "to be of God," "for this cause we faint not."

Intelligence.

THE Rev. Dr. McCarty sailed in the *George Law*, on the 20th March, with his wife, on his return to the interesting field of his distant labours. He has, besides visiting his family, from whom he has been separated for years, attended to various matters for Bishop Scott, bearing on his Mission and his proposed Diocesan School. This veteran in the service, not only in Parochial and Missionary work, but also as a favourite chaplain in the army, during the Mexican War, has proved himself valiant and faithful both for the army and the Church. Long may his life be spared "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" and in the conflict with the last enemy, may the Captain of our salvation stand by him in the breach, to strengthen and sustain him for the struggle and the victory.

Georgia also Restored.

WE have pleasure in stating that, at the last meeting of the Domestic Committee, Georgia was restored to our Missionary list, and the sum of \$1,000 appropriated thereto, for the current year. The Bishop has gratefully acknowledged this action, for himself and his Diocese.

Acknowledgments.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

THE Treasurer of the Domestic Committee acknowledges the receipt of the following sums from Feb. 20, 1856, to March 20, 1856—

Maine.

Calais—St. Ann's..... 8 00

Massachusetts.

Marblehead—St. Michael's..... 70 00
 Wilkinsville—St. John's..... 10 00 80 00

Rhode Island.

Woonsocket—St. James's, of which \$5 is for Iowa..... 15 00

Connecticut.

Bantam Falls—St. Paul's..... 3 22
 Do., a member. 50 00
 Hamden—Grace, $\frac{1}{2}$ 27 04
 Milton—Trinity..... 3 92
 Windsor—St. Gabriel's, $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 00 89 18

New-York.

Athens—Trinity..... 5 25
 Bedford—St. Matthew's..... 18 00
 Cherry Valley—Grace..... 5 00
 Cooperstown—Christ, $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 00
 Fishkill—Mrs. Mesier, add. $\frac{1}{2}$ for Iowa..... 5 00
 Hudson—Christ, for Hastings, Minn..... 20 00
 New-York—St. Ann's, for Deaf Mutes..... 8 50
 St. Bartholomew's, add..... 5 00
 St. Paul's..... 143 00
 Do., previous contribution.. 62 18
 St. Peter's, a lady..... 5 00
 M. L. B., $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 00
 Pottsdam—Trinity..... 16 00
 Troy—Holy Cross..... 60 68
 St. John's..... 35 00
 West Troy—Trinity..... 19 75
 Williamsburgh—St. Mark's..... 44 00 474 36

Western New-York.

Addison—Redeemer..... 6 00
 Angelica—St. Paul's..... 13 00
 Auburn—St. Peter's..... 26 38
 Aurora—St. Paul's..... 7 00
 Avon—Zion..... 10 00
 Bainbridge—St. Peter's..... 5 00
 Baltimore—St. Thomas's..... 10 00
 Batavia—St. James's..... 10 67
 Bath—St. Thomas's..... 8 00
 Brownsville—St. Paul's..... 5 00
 Buffalo—St. John's..... 70 31
 St. Paul's..... 81 91
 Trinity..... 84 00
 Canandaigua—St. John's..... 16 00
 Catharine—St. John's..... 3 00

Constableville—St. Paul's Chapel..... 7 00
 Corning—Christ..... 9 00
 Fullton—Zion..... 6 00
 Geneseo—St. Michael's..... 8 17
 Geneva—St. Peter's Chapel.... 16 50
 Trinity..... 28 24
 " a lady..... 10 00
 " a communicant..... 5 00
 " Christmas offering of a communicant.... 5 00
 Guilford—Christ..... 5 00
 Harpersville—St. Luke's..... 10 00
 Holland Patent—St. Paul's.... 5 00
 Jordan—Christ..... 8 00
 Manlius—Christ..... 2 00
 New-Hartford—St. Stephen's... 10 37
 Niagara Falls—St. Peter's..... 7 26
 Olean—St. Stephen's..... 3 18
 F..... 1 00
 Oswego—Christ..... 19 00
 St. Paul's..... 5 00
 Mr. L. Babcock, for Oregon.. 20 00
 Oxford—St. Paul's..... 27 00
 Palmyra—Zion..... 30 00
 Pierrepont Manor—Zion..... 15 15
 Richmond—Of which \$3 is for Minn..... 7 00
 Rochester—Christ..... 30 00
 Grace..... 67 68
 Trinity..... 58 75
 Rome—Zion..... 11 00
 Seneca Falls—Trinity..... 10 76
 Skaneateles—St. James'..... 4 36
 Syracuse—St. James'..... 8 23
 St. Paul's..... 42 00
 Utica—Grace..... 26 67
 Trinity..... 17 91
 Waterloo—St. Paul's..... 11 25
 Watertown—Trinity..... 58 40
 Waterville—Grace..... 12 00
 Wethersfield Springs—St. Clements..... 1 50
 Whitestown—St. John's..... 4 25 990 90

New-Jersey.

Camden—St. John's..... 4 00
 Elizabethtown—Christ..... 16 50
 Orange—St. Mark's..... 100 00
 A. B. H..... 2 00 121 50

Delaware.

Middletown—St. Ann's..... 4 50

Maryland.

Alleghany Co.—Emmanuel.... 21 59
 Frederick Co.—Zion, $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 00
 Georgetown, D. C.—St. John's, $\frac{1}{2}$ 75 00
 Washington, D. C.—Christ, for Iowa..... 16 00
 Epiphany, a member, for Oregon..... 10 00 132 59

Virginia.			Mississippi.		
<i>Alexandria</i> —Fairfax Parish, Christ, of which \$25 is for the Episcopal Missionary Association.....	75 00		<i>Church Hill</i> —Christ.....	28 00	
<i>Gloucester</i> —Abingdon Parish, ½	24 50		<i>Kirkwood</i> —St. Philip's.....	50 00	78 00
Ware Parish, ½.....	3 50		Tennessee.		
<i>Hanover Court House</i> —St Paul's.	20 00		<i>Knoxville</i> —St. John's, addl.....	1 00	
<i>Petersburgh</i> —Grace, addl.....	8 00		<i>Nashville</i> —Christ.....	10 00	11 00
<i>Prince Ann Co.</i> —A friend.....	10 00	141 00	Kentucky.		
North Carolina.			<i>Danville</i> —Trinity.....	25 00	
<i>Plymouth</i> —Grace.....	5 76		<i>Elizabethtown</i> —Christ.....	8 30	
<i>Raleigh</i> —Christ.....	72 00	77 76	<i>Lexington</i> —Christ.....	62 15	95 45
South Carolina.			Illinois.		
<i>Charleston</i> —St. Paul's.....	63 50		<i>Brimfield</i> —Zion.....	6 50	
<i>Waccamaw</i> —All Saints', for southwest.....	40 00	103 50	<i>Pekin</i> —St. James'.....	1 50	
Florida.			<i>Wyoming</i> —St. Luke's.....	11 00	19 00
<i>St. Augustine</i> —Trinity.....		30 00	Minnesota.		
Alabama.			<i>Shakapee</i> —St. Peter's.....		3 00
<i>Mobile</i> —Christ, of which \$50 is for the Episcopal Missionary Association.....	159 45		Texas.		
St. John's.....	17 50	176 95	<i>Brownsville</i> —Church of the Ad- vent,	5 00	
			<i>San Augustine</i> —Christ, addl.....	1 00	6 00
			Total from Feb. 20 to March 20, 1856.....		\$2,637 69
			Total since Oct. 1, 1855.....		\$26,133 13

The following sums, in aid of Domestic Missions, have been contributed through the Episcopal Missionary Association for the West, by the following Churches and Individuals, in all the month of January, 1856, viz :—

<i>Massachusetts</i> —Christ Church, Boston, by Rev. Mr. Ran- dall.....	18 00		Helen A. Brown, by Stavely & McC.....	7 50	
St. Paul's Church, ditto, same.....	145 07		St. Mark's Church, Frank- ford, Philadelphia, balance to constitute Rev. S. Mil- ler, Rector, a life mem- ber.....	10 00	
Church of the Messiah, ditto, same.....	16 00		A member of St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, through Mr. Bohlen.....	10 00	35 67
Missionary Association of St. Andrew's Church, Hanover, by Rev. Samuel Cutler.....	30 00	209 07	<i>Maryland</i> —St. Mark's Church, Baltimore.....		
<i>Rhode-Island</i> —St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth, through Mr. Stanford.....		13 00	11 50	
<i>New-York</i> —St. Mark's Church, 50 00			All Saints Parish, Frederick, St. Thomas Church, Balti- more County.....	44 45	60 95
Ravenswood, Long Island, by Mr. Stanford.....	20 56		<i>Virginia</i> —Grace Church, Berrys- ville.....		
A Parishioner of Trinity Church, Ulster County... 20 00	90 56		51 00	
<i>New-Jersey</i> —A member of St. John's Church, Camden..	1 00		Christ Church, Millwood, by Mr. Randolph.....	36 00	
<i>Pennsylvania</i> —All Saints Ch., Philadelphia.....	8 17		A member of St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling.....	5 00	
			St. James's Church, Rich- mond.....	25 00	

St. Luke's Parish, Powhatan, County.....	25 00		St. John's Church, Keokuk, by Mr. Stanford.....	17 00	46 46
Trinity Church, Shepards-town.....	25 00		Total Receipts in January.....		\$705 40
St. James's Church, Arlington.....	5 50		To which add Balance on hand, January 1st., 1856.....		2178 13
Christ Church, Millwood.....	10 00				\$2883 53
Trinity Church, Buchanan.....	35 00	217 50	Of the above aggregate the Treasurer of the Domestic Committee has received within the same month from the Association.....	1215 50	
Wisconsin—"A friend," Manitowoc.....	1 00		And the association has paid for incidental expenses incurred by them.....	56 50	1272 00
Rev. H. N. Bishop, Kenosha.....	31 20	32 20	Leaving to be received by the Treasurer of the Domestic Committee, when appropriated by the association.....		\$1611 53
Iowa—St. John's Church, Dubuque, by Mr. Stanford....	28 45				

The following sums, in aid of Domestic Missions, have been contributed through the Episcopal Missionary Association for the West, by the following Churches and Individuals, in all the month of February, 1856, viz :

Massachusetts--From "L." Boston.....	5 00		St. George's Church, Fredricksburgh.....	35 00	
New-York — A Parishioner of Trinity Church, Ulster... 20 00			Monumental Church, Richmond.....	81 15	
Church of the Ascension, by Mr. Stanford.....	250 00	270 00	Grace Church, Latimer Parish, Lexington.....	7 50	
New-Jersey—St. Peter's Church, Clarksborough.....	19 32		Emmanuel Church, Middlebury.....	25 00	
Pennsylvania—St. Paul's Sunday School, Uniontown.. 5 00			Trinity Church, Upperville. 10 00		
St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia.....	50 00		St. Thomas' Church Orange County.....	24 00	
Church of the Messiah, Port Richmond.....	10 30		Grace Church, Petersburg.. 25 00		
From "C. and H." contribution for Missions.....	10 00		Christ Church, Fairfax Parish.....	25 00	290 65
From "H. and L." through Staveley & McCalla.....	5 00		Michigan—Wm. Parker, Esq., Detroit, $\frac{1}{2}$	50 00	
Sunday School of St. Paul's Church, Montrose.....	13 00		Illinois — St. Paul's Church, Peru.....	10 00	
Church of the Holy Trinity, Westchester.....	7 50		Iowa—St. Paul's Church, Bellevue, through Mr. Stanford.....	10 00	
"Signum," for Missions in the West.....	25 00		Total receipts in all the month of February.....		\$881 15
St. Jude's Church, through Mr. Stanford.....	40 38	166 18	To which add balance on hand February 1st.....		1611 53
Delaware—St. Peter's Church, Smyrna.....	5 00				\$2492 68
Maryland—"A friend to Missions," Queen Ann's Co.. 5 00			Less Incidental Expenses paid by the Association.....	0 30	
District of Columbia—From "a friend to Missions," to be appropriated to the purchase and distribution by our Missionaries in the West, of "Ryle's Tracts," 50 00			And the contribution of a friend in the District of Columbia, to be appropriated by the Association to the purchase and distribution by their Missionaries in the West, of "Ryle's Tracts," as above....	50 00	50 30
Virginia—St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling.....	50 00		Leaving to be received by the Treas. of the Dom. Committee when Appropriated by the Association.....		\$2442 38
St. Paul's Church, Albemarle County.....	8 00				

Philadelphia, Jan. 1st, 1856.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

OF THE

Protestant Episcopal Church.

APRIL, 1856.

THE GRANDEUR OF THE MISSIONARY WORK.

A MODERN writer, in speaking of the Missionary enterprise, quotes, with respect to it, the well-known definition which Longinus applies to the Sublime, viz.: "That of which the conception is vast, the effect irresistible, and the remembrance scarcely, if ever, to be erased." And if we alter the qualifying expression, "scarcely if ever," into the positive assertion, "never," it is a definition strictly applicable to the cause in which we are engaged. There are things undoubtedly sublime in nature; and also in human lives, and in human acts upon which are stamped indelibly patriotic self-sacrifice and philanthropic self-devotion; but beyond all question, the work which contains within itself, in highest measure, all the elements of sublimity, which in the conception is beyond computation vast, in its effects absolutely irresistible, and the memory whereof shall last as long as saints and redeemed spirits shall encircle God's throne with praises, is the scheme for the moral regeneration of the world. And the melancholy thing is, that there are so many to extol, and that most justly, the persevering and most self-denying labours of a Howard, who laid down life in his endeavours to ameliorate the physical sufferings of his fellow-man, and yet can see nothing but a fruitless enthusiasm in the man who will hazard life in foreign

lands and insalubrious climes to save souls from death, nothing but a romantic and baseless ardour in those who, relying on God's promise, and crediting the efficiency of his appointed agency, will send forth such a man to labour for them in the work of Missions.

1. But look at the enterprise dispassionately, and it must be admitted, even by the prejudiced, that, *in the grandeur of its conception* we find one element of the sublime.

What is its object? Nothing less than the overthrow of every idol temple, and the banishment of every false belief; the bringing barbarous nations out from their horrid superstitions, rescuing them from the pollutions in which they are so deeply sunk, and imbuing them with that spiritual renewal, which, while it elevates them as to this present life, changes their everlasting destinies.

2. In *the irresistible effect* which this work shall have, we see another element of the sublime. The difficulties are never to be under estimated. They are, indeed, to human eye, insuperable. So also were the difficulties which stood in the way of the Resurrection; but the same power which was pledged to raise up Christ from the dead, has "set" the same Christ "to be a light of the Gentiles, that he should be for salvation unto the ends of the earth." (Acts 13, 47). And therefore, when we think of a "whole world lying in wickedness," and note the diversities of nations, and the unnumbered differences in modes of speech, and the depraved condition of the myriads of men, and the sordid interests by which they are bound to their iniquities; and when we note, on the other hand, the simplicity of the means to be employed, "the preaching of Jesus Christ and Him crucified," we are not on this account to suppose that the work is to fail of its success. Every instance we ourselves have seen of the individual soul "turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God," is a proof of the irresistible efficacy of the same Gospel in the Spirit's hand, to make "all the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

3. And in *the remembrance of this which shall never be erased*, we see the third element of the true sublime. For, beyond all

doubt, as all who have true faith in the Holy Scriptures will gladly avow, one of the sources of deepest joy to redeemed souls in the presence of the Lamb, and that of which the memory can never die, will be the great work of a world's salvation. So that the song, of which they shall never tire, will have this chorus: "Thou wast slain, and hast *redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation* ; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests!"

Oh! for more faith in the true sayings of God.

Good Friday, 1856.

CHINA.

JOURNAL OF THE REV. C. KEITH.

THE following is a diary kept by the Rev. Mr. Keith during a recent journey in the interior, undertaken for the benefit of his health:—

Shanghai, Oct. 9, 1855.—A summer of unusual sickliness left most of us in but feeble health at the beginning of the cool weather ; and I determined to try the effect of a short excursion to the Hoo-Chow mountains. Our company consisted of Miss Jones, Miss Fay, Miss Conover, and the Bishop's two little boys, besides Mrs. Keith and myself. Mr. Burdon, of the Church Missionary Society, also went in company in his own boat, his intention being to separate from us at Hoo-Chow, and do some missionary work in the way of distributing books and preaching. The journey had been safely accomplished by several parties of gentlemen during the year past, both missionaries and merchants, and once by Mr. Nelson, with his family. The people had invariably been found respectful and kindly-disposed, and the Mandarins had made no opposition ; so that we considered the undertaking quite safe. We left the anchorage outside the East Gate at 10 o'clock this morning, with a fair wind, and sailed up the *Wong-Poo*, as the river here is called, hoping to reach *Soong-Kiang*, the capital of this Foo (a district corresponding very nearly to one of our counties) before night. But various little delays occurred on the way, from matters connected with the adjustment of the boats for convenience of meals ; and from a stop we were obliged to make to lay in some stores left behind in the multitude of things we were obliged to take ; for on such trips, kitchen, servants, stoves, &c., &c., have all to be taken along, and are, as may easily be imagined, no small drawback to invalids, from the constant care they impose. We accordingly were obliged to stop for

the night at a little place ten miles short of our proposed stage, and about twenty-five from Shanghai.

Oct. 10th.—We got off early this morning, and passed Soong-Kiang at 7½ A. M. About ten we reached a fork in the river, which here loses its name, and receives very little of the influence of the tides. Our course for the rest of the day was on a stream more like a wide canal than a river, and spanned at intervals by stone bridges of the most solid masonry and graceful construction; I doubt if there are finer ones in the world. The scenery through which we have passed to-day is still perfectly flat, like that around Shanghai, but has a richer look, from the extreme beauty of the clumps of trees which abound in every direction, and I saw one single tree which would have attracted attention anywhere for size and fine foliage. Before night we began to pass through the silk region, and the banks were lined with fields of mulberry trees, *Morus Multicaulis*, which reminded me of the Peach Orchards of New-Jersey. The trees are kept trimmed down, so that the picker can reach all the leaves. Towards night-fall we reached the large city of *Ka-Shen*, and were an hour in passing by the suburbs to the opposite side of the city. Great curiosity was shown by the crowds who lined the banks of the canal to gaze upon the foreign ladies and children, but there were no signs of displeasure, and not the least disposition to molest us. We anchored for the night just beyond the city, having come 75 miles from Shanghai.

Oct. 11th.—Got under way at daylight, and just after breakfast passed another large city, called *Kia-Hiung*, said to be three miles in diameter. We did not go close to it, and could not judge very well of the size; moreover, we had determined hereafter not to show ourselves when passing near or through the large towns, lest some disturbance might possibly occur. After leaving this place we were in the Imperial Canal, well called "Grand." In this part it is very broad, and the bridges, both over the stream itself and its numerous branches are finely built, and in excellent order. Boats for the most part sail, if the wind is favorable, if not, they are either towed by the boatmen or worked by a large scull at the stern, an instrument the Chinese generally use instead of side oars, which would be very inconvenient where the boats are numerous. They occasionally, however, use the paddle and oar, especially in the little express boats, which we met coming and going. These are as large as a very small canoe, but roofed over with mat, so that the owner can crawl in feet foremost and sleep, and are managed very skillfully by a paddle and an oar, the latter worked by the *feet*. Exactly how long we sailed upon the main trunk of the canal I cannot say, as there are several branches of equal size leading out from it to the large cities, and the boatmen call all by the same name. Indeed, the long line drawn upon our maps gives no adequate idea of the magnitude of this work; for all these branches are kept in as good order, and are accessible for large junks as the main trunk.

We saw every variety of craft, from junks as large as any I have ever seen, to the little express boats above described, both on the main trunk and on the branch which we followed round the lake to Hoo-Chow. This lake, called the *Ta-Woo*, or Great Lake, is the largest in China proper; and we began to see the mountainous islands in it this afternoon. Our stopping place for the night was a little village called *Tsing-Zak*, 115 miles from home.

Oct. 12th.—Early this morning had our first view of the Hoo-Chow mountains in the distance, and about noon we came to some smaller hills, which shut in the city from the level country through which we had passed. At three we were at Hoo-Chow, and about half-past five reached our destination at the foot of *Dau-Dzang-San*, a mountain inhabited by Buddhist priests, and distant from home, by the route we took, about 150 miles. It was raining slightly, and too late at any rate to move up to the monastery, distant two miles, where we proposed to lodge during our stay.

Oct. 13th.—When we woke it was raining dismally, and we almost thought it would be out of the question to move up; but after breakfast we took heart, from a slight pause in the rain, and sent off our beds, and then the ladies went with Mr. Burdon to the temple to arrange things as they should arrive, while I staid behind to see everything started safely from the boat. After three hours of coming and going, our boatmen and servants, assisted by a few men who made their appearance from the adjacent houses, finished their task; and I started for the temple. A path paved with stone and carefully cut into steps where the steepness of the hill requires, leads, by a winding ascent, to the little valley in which the monastery is built. Near the landing is a small hamlet, mostly occupied by a few families in charge of the *Z-Dong*, or Ancestral Halls. The Chinese love to have these halls, and the burying places themselves, near hills; and especially those on which are temples, as was the case here. About half a mile from the temple the road passed through the first building connected with the temple establishment. This is simply a room with a high roof, and open arched doorways for the road. In the middle of the room is a stone platform, upon which is an idol. Just before reaching the principal temple is another of these vestibules, similar in its general arrangement, but more highly ornamented, and garnished with some additional idols. The main temple comes next, and contains a very large image of Buddha, with the usual attendants grouped around him, and the walls are lined with a row of inferior divinities. Behind the large idol, and facing in the opposite direction, is an elaborate piece of work representing the Goddess of Mercy seated among clouds, with a host of inferior deities paying her homage. In this hall daily services are kept up morning and evening, and at other times in the day masses for the dead are celebrated, which are well paid for. Behind the temple is the resi-

dence of the priests, about thirty in number; and in the second story of this building I found the ladies busily at work partitioning off the two ends of a long room for bed-rooms, while the middle was left for our sitting-room. We were to take our meals in a lower room, for the priests objected to our eating meat in the presence of the idols, who shared with us the upper room. Down stairs accordingly we proceeded to dinner, and were, on this and every succeeding day of our visit, objects of great curiosity to quite a crowd who gathered round the door, and seemed to wonder more at the way in which foreigners ate than at anything else about them.

Sunday, 14th.—To-day we had our services quietly, morning and night, with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow; sorrow, that ours was the first and perhaps would be last Christian service offered there, and joy, that at any rate one inroad was made upon the kingdom of darkness, and an especial thankfulness that we had not been left to serve the vain idols around us. In the afternoon we walked up to the very top of the hill, on which stand a Pagoda and a very old tree, which rivals it in height; both are said to be 1,000 years old.

15th and 16th.—These days were spent in minutely exploring the temple, and wandering about the hill or mountain, for I hardly know which to call it. We found that the view from the temple, though limited, was very beautiful, one of its richest features being a bamboo grove, which is a beautiful object when near enough for the peculiar gracefulness of its foliage to be visible. From the Pagoda the view extends in every direction, embracing level plains on one side, mountains on the other, and the Great Lake just before you, with the city of Hoo-Chow still nearer, and as it were, just at your feet.

We found that a *Koong-Tuk*, or mass for the dead, was going on at the temple for the father of a little boy, who lived for the time in the temple. It was very sad to see this child bowing down several times a day before the huge idol, while the priests chanted their senseless hymns to the senseless images. Most of the performers in the service are entirely indifferent to what they are about, and we could see them playing tricks on each other, and in other ways making sport of the whole thing. Some few, however, preserved an *appearance* of devotion. A singular custom prevails here, which I have not heard of as practised elsewhere. Any members of the community who choose are shut up in cells for a period of three years. Their food is passed in three times a day through a little window, and they are supposed to spend most of their time in prayer and meditation. One of them, aged about sixty-five, attracted our particular interest, from his evident intelligence. His cell had a good many books in it, and I felt sure, from the way in which he took them, that he would read some Christian books I gave him, while I was exceedingly doubtful about the other priests, though all promised to read what I gave them.

These recluses at first sight seemed to be in earnest, at any rate; but the conviction of this was much disturbed when we found out that they were *paid* for this devotion by rich people who desired their prayers; and moreover, that there was a *back entrance* to the cells, by means of which they could have access to the whole temple whenever the coast was clear.

The weather during our stay was mostly cloudy or rainy, and it was perhaps for this reason that we had few visitors. We had to move down again in the rain on Wednesday, the 17th, in order to reach home by Sunday. We returned by the same route, and reached home at dinner-time on Saturday, being all of us better for the trip.

Such are the excursions open to Missionaries, for health, or for missionary work. To an invalid party like ours, there is so much of discomfort and care as to detract very much from their value, but they are better than no change at all. When made, as in Mr. Burdon's case, for missionary work—a boat full of books is taken, and the boat is stopped for a longer or shorter time at every large town to distribute books, and to talk with those who will come to the boat, and occasionally to preach to the crowds around.

MISSIONARY WORK OF FEMALE ASSISTANTS IN CHINA.

NO. III.

JOURNAL OF L——

From August 25th to November 5th.

THE Missionary Bishop has forwarded some further memoranda, drawn up by one of the female assistants in the China Mission, passages of which we subjoin:—

“The station” of L—— is in the boys' boarding-school, of which the Bishop is Superintendent. Mrs. K—— and Miss C. the English teachers. The care of the pupils out of school, providing for their wants, and the supervision of the Chinese department of their education is with L—— and if ever her work *is done* for the day, she is too weary to write about it; and if it is not done, has no leisure to write about it. Yet by taking a half hour every evening from her reading or Chinese studies, could easily give a record of the simple routine of her “daily proceedings.”

Thus, to begin with to-day, *August 25th*. Rose at 5 o'clock. At 6½ o'clock rang the bell for boys to commence their usual morning studies in Chinese. Dismissed them at 7 o'clock. At 8½ o'clock the Bishop con-

ducted the morning prayers of the school, at which I am always present with the pupils. At 8½ o'clock went with them again to their Chinese books. At 9 o'clock the Bishop visited and examined the Second Department, while I recorded the progress each pupil had made since his last visit, two weeks before. In the afternoon I went to Miss J.'s to see the betrothal presents exchanged between Mr. Tong and his bride elect, who is one of Miss J.'s pupils. All the members of our mission were there, and quite a number of Chinese. As I had never been at a betrothal, I asked my Chinese teacher before I went, to whom I must pay my respects on entering the room? as I knew neither Mr. T. nor his betrothed would be present; he said, to the "*mæ nium*," (those who negotiated the match.) To the "*mæ nium*" thought I, as I hurried along, the latest of all the party—I wonder how I will know them! But as I entered Miss J.'s parlor, though it was somewhat crowded with guests, I was no longer at a loss to know who were the "*mæ nium*," for two Chinese teachers, dressed in soiled robes of mandarin satin, with caps on their heads, from which hung large tassels of red silk, were sitting on the sofa in an attitude of great dignity and importance, immediately rose upon my entrance, and bowed and smiled with an *air* that plainly said, *we* are the "*mæ nium*!" and *we* are the persons to be congratulated on this occasion. Accordingly I advanced, and "did my best" to bow reverently, and offer them my congratulations in Chinese upon so joyful an event; then hastened on to see Miss J., and greet other friends in English, and examine the bridal presents, which were quite pretty, and very tastefully arranged with flowers and Arbor Vitæ. I intended to pass the evening with Miss J. But before I had fully examined the presents, two of our school boys rushed into the room, pale and frightened, calling for the *Fee-Koo-Niang*, (my name in Chinese;) and the moment they saw me said, "*Mur-Zoong*" (a boy whom I had left in the dormitory slightly indisposed) "was crazy; that he was in my room crying and making a great noise!" In a few minutes "*mæ nium*," brides, bridal presents, and social intercourse were all forgotten, and I was at the bed-side of a poor, deranged boy with a brain fever. Dr. F—— was also soon by his side, and by the skilful application of active remedies, he is again conscious. When I asked him why he went in my room while I was absent, he looked very much frightened; said he thought he saw black tigers and spirits after him; that his mosquito-net was in flames, and that he ran to me for protection. But still there is a strange, wild brightness in his eyes, and nervous tremulousness in his voice that makes me fear he is very ill, and I shall not leave him to-night.

Aug. 28.—Weary with watching and the close air of a sick room; went with Mrs. K—— to visit one of her day schools. Saw lying on the road-side an old woman, apparently dying; stopped and spoke to her, but she made no reply, and seemed not to notice us; asked some women who

were standing near her, what was the matter? they replied with great indifference, that she was very ill and would soon die! As we could do nothing for her, passed on to the school-house, which we entered, and a respectable looking Chinese woman, who is the teacher, rose to receive us, and welcomed us with a pleasant smile.

A number of little girls were sitting around her on narrow benches, all busily engaged in study or sewing. Their eyes brightened as they looked at Mrs. K——, and there was evidently a movement among them, and an interchange of looks as they glanced from her face to mine, which said, "Now we are to be examined." Presently Mrs. K. called a class to read. And they read a chapter in St. Matthew's Gospel, in the colloquial dialect, with much ease and fluency, after which they were questioned upon it, and answered in a manner that did themselves and their teachers much credit. They then repeated the Creed, Commandments, and Lord's Prayer, and answered questions upon them with a degree of interest and intelligence that was very gratifying.

Aug. 31.—While in my study this morning a pale, ~~quiet little~~ boy, who has had chills and fever for some time, came to ask me if he might go home for a few days. There was such a look of home-sickness and entreaty in his face, as he waited my answer, I was half inclined to let him go, but told him to sit down upon a little cushion at my feet until I thought about it—and considered that he ought not to go, as he would neither have the medicine nor the care necessary to his recovery—but sent to consult Dr. F. who said, "By no means;" then told him I would like to gratify him by allowing him to go home, but the Doctor thought it was not best, therefore he could not go. He bent his head upon his hands for a few moments, brushed away a tear, then left the room without saying a word, and without the least look of displeasure, though the refusal of his request was evidently quite a trial to him, as he was not well enough to study and too weak to enjoy playing; gave him a few cash, and told him to ask some of the boys to "buy something" for him.

Sept. 6.—After the usual morning duties were over and the pupils at their English lessons, went to my Chinese studies, commenced the "*Shoo-King*;" or "Historical Classic;" a book which Dr. Medhurst (who has translated it into English) says is far from being familiar and intelligible to the generality of Chinese teachers. Yet, as it is included in the course of studies pursued in our school, I am anxious to read it before the larger boys commence studying it, that I may better judge of their progress, and compare the explanations of their teachers with the translation of Dr. M., and also of M. de Guignes, who has made a translation in French, both of which the Bishop gave me from his library the other day, as he has decided the "*Shoo-King*" is the next book in order, which the pupils study in Chinese. The book commences with the Canon of "*Yaou*," which I finished to-day. *Yaou* is the name of an Emperor who is said to have begun his reign 2,356 B.C.,

and was a personage of such extraordinary virtue and accomplishments that his actions are considered worthy of being held up as "constant laws." The first chapter of the book therefore, as it contains some account of him, is called "The Canon of Yaou." Confucius said of him, "Heaven alone is great, and none but Yaou is able to imitate Heaven."

Sept. 10: Midnight.—Seven of the boys are ill—two dangerously—and I am watching with them and also with Mrs. F., who is very ill. But now the moans of the sick are hushed in the stillness of sleep, and the watcher for the night seems the only living thing that wakes. I have walked through the dormitories, and up and down the long verandah in front of the house; have looked upon the quiet waters of the harbour, though covered with foreign ships, rude, unsightly junks, and boats of almost every size—all seem still and motionless as in a picture—the pale moonbeams fall softly upon tall masts and tiny sails, giving to the whole scene an expression of beauty and repose one could hardly conceive of in the bustle and toil of midday. "Fee-Koo-Niang," I hear in a faint voice from the dormitory, and must to my watching.

Sept. 15.—Continued care and watching with the sick have quite unfitted me for the duties of the day; consequently some of them are left undone, while others that must be done have been performed by the Chinese. "Wang-seen-sang," the Chinese teacher of the second department, has taught the boys their Sunday-school lessons, and taken my place in the school and clothes-room, and Mr. Tong conducted the evening prayers, which I consider among the most pleasant of my duties.

To-day commences a festival, called by the Chinese the "Autumn Festival," which continues until the 16th of the Chinese month, during which time families visit and feast with each other, and friends interchange presents of "Yueh-ping, (moon-cakes;) oblations are made to the moon, and young people amuse themselves by "pursuing the moon," or, as it is sometimes called, "congratulating the moon." On the evening of the last day of the feast, every householder and boatman raises a lantern upon the tip of a high pole from the highest part of his house or vessel, on which is inscribed in Chinese characters, "Joyfully congratulate the middle of Autumn."

Have just received a present of some "moon-cakes," nicely put up in a little box, and covered with red paper. It was brought to me by one of the school-boys, whose face was beaming with pleasure as he said, "Sing-seen-sang" (one of our former teachers) sent it to me, begged me to eat one of the cakes directly, that they were very sweet, and the dearest that could be bought! This, however, was more than I could do, as they were very rich and fragrant with oil; but I opened the box and broke one of the cakes, which was round and white, about the size of a common biscuit, the inside consisting of sugar and walnuts, the outside a thick, white paste of oil and flour, on which were painted curious red figures and a Chinese character, which means, "to preserve one from evil influences."

Sept. 17.—After a few days indisposition, again able to attend the sick pupils, go into the Chinese school, and conduct the evening prayers. It was with a thankful heart I once more seated myself in the school-room; and waited with grateful pleasure as one after another, at the sound of the bell, hastened with willing feet and took his accustomed seat in the place appointed for prayer and instruction. Read and explained to them the second chapter of "Proverbs," and tried to impress upon them the importance of being diligent in the pursuit of knowledge, and of improving their present opportunities of being good and wise. But most of all, to fear God and depart from evil. May the Holy Spirit open their hearts to receive instruction, to repent of their sins, and believe in Jesus, that they may have "eternal life."

Sept. 18.—This is the season of the Cotton harvest, which is very abundant this year. Multitudes of men, women, and children are in the fields picking the cotton from the pod and putting it in their aprons, or in baskets which are suspended in front of them by a string passing over their necks and fastened to each handle of the baskets. Large platforms of boards are seen in front, or in the court of almost every house, and the women are busily engaged in spreading the cotton to dry. After it is dried it is put in large sacks, one of which is tied to each end of a long pole, which the men put across their shoulders, and thus carry it to the various market-places for sale. Met quite a number of men thus engaged. They are anxious to sell the cotton as soon as possible after it is gathered, because it weighs much heavier than when thoroughly dried; and sometimes, when selling a large quantity or to persons not accustomed to "their ways," they put several pounds of water into each sack; this I have learned to my cost, in buying cotton for the school. The first time it fell short in weight—I thought it accidental. The next time I sent for the man of whom I had bought 100 pounds, which fell short several pounds, (when weighed a few days after, to give to the man who cards it,) and told him he had cheated me twice; that if he did not make up the full weight, and afterwards bring me the driest cotton, I should buy no more from him. He smiled, said in Chinese I was "very smart to find him out; that after this he would always bring me dry cotton!" Though whether he does or not, I never accept the weight until the men whose business it is to card it receive it; for which, as they are paid by the pound, they could have no reason for making it under weight.

Sept. 21.—It is so rare to find a Chinese woman who can read, and who will engage in any useful employment, that the habits of Missionary ladies in this respect are a kind of *standing wonder* to them; sometimes of admiration, yet oftener of pity and contempt. Several of my Chinese teachers, when I have left my studies to attend to some necessary work, or to wait upon the sick, have asked, in a tone of great surprise, "Why I, who could read Chinese, would use my hands to work?" saying the Chinese had no

such custom. Occasionally, however, even the teachers condescend to approve, as one said to me some time since, he wished that Chinese women were intelligent and useful, like the American. And my Mandarin teacher asked me the other day why I did not teach girls in place of boys, then I could teach them to read books, and they would also learn to work and make themselves useful, like foreign ladies.

Thus we may hope our schools are gradually gaining an influence among the people which, with the preaching of the Gospel, may, under the blessing of God, accomplish the great purpose for which we labour.

Sept. 22.—Attended to the ordinary duties of the day. Read the new Catechism on the Ten Commandments in the Shanghai Colloquial, a little volume of 31 pages, which is just from the press, having been revised and corrected by the Bishop. There is no time in which I so truly feel the Gospel is preached to the poor as when I read a book of religious instruction, prepared by Missionaries in a language which the poor can understand. I could not but make this reflection to-day, when in the Chinese school the Bishop came in, as is his custom, to hear the pupils review their lessons. The first exercise was recitations from the Classics, "Lun Yu" and "Mucius," each boy reciting separately, page after page, with great accuracy, but with a countenance as dull and unmeaning as if the sounds conveyed not the least idea to his mind; and probably they did not; for, as it has been said, "The written language of China bears about the same resemblance to the spoken, as does the Latin language to the French and Italian." After the recitations were over, the Bishop called all the pupils to read in a class. They read to him the 37th chapter of Genesis, which they had studied during the week, in their own colloquial, and a looker-on, who saw their faces brighten and their eyes light up with intelligence and interest, and listened to their ready answers as the Bishop questioned them upon the story of Joseph, could hardly believe they were the same set of boys who so mechanically, and in a dull, sing-song tone, had just repeated the words of their "time-honored Classics." It is in scenes sometimes like this, and sometimes by the bed-side of the dying, that the Missionary feels the great importance of the study of the Colloquial dialect, and the giving to the people the Holy Scriptures, and other books of religious instruction, in their own tongue. And though in a boys' boarding-school, where a knowledge of Chinese literature is necessary, (as we hope some of the pupils may be called to preach the Gospel,) neither the acquisition nor the teaching of it can be considered *the work* of Missionaries, nor *the preaching* of the Gospel to the poor.

Sunday, Sept. 23.—To-day we had the pleasure of hearing the Bishop preach and read the prayers. He preached in his usual animated and earnest manner, from the 18th chapter of St. Matthew, on the miracle of Christ's feeding the five thousand. Dull and apathetic as the Chinese generally are, when not excited, I have never seen a people more alive to

eloquence, and an earnest exhibition of truth. Even the youngest of our pupils, as well as the elder and their teachers, will fasten their eyes on the Bishop, and listen to him with the most intense interest. And not unfrequently have I seen a poor beggar man or woman struggle into the Chapel with a vacant look, and stand thus in the aisle, until attracted by his voice; they would stop and look at him with open mouth and eyes, almost without breathing, until he ceased preaching. No doubt one cause of their interest is the hearing of truth new to them, in their own language; though here, as at home, much depends upon the power of the speaker to awaken and continue an interest in the great subjects on which he speaks. Oh! how earnestly should we pray for our ministers, and how earnestly would we ask the prayers of our friends at home in their behalf, that God may give to them his Holy Spirit, that their preaching may be to those who hear, the wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation.

At 10 o'clock went into the Chinese school, heard lesson in the Catechism and St. Matthew's Gospel in the "King See." Dismissed at 11½ o'clock. At 3 o'clock heard my class in English say their lessons. At 4 o'clock heard all the boys say the Catechism in English, and closed their exercises for the day with prayer. At 7½ o'clock went to our usual Sunday evening service at the Bishop's, which I have been prevented from attending, either by the illness of others or myself, for the last four weeks. Today our dear Bishop seems to have realized the fulfilment of the promise that "they who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." After the morning service in the Chapel, he went to the church in the city, catechised the schools, and visited several sick persons. After his return, went a little way in the country to visit a sick man named "Kung-Hwæ," (in whom we all feel a good deal of interest,) and exhorted him in a very solemn and earnest manner to believe in Jesus, and to improve this opportunity of sickness and suffering to save his soul—and with many other like words commended him to the Saviour of sinners. At 7½ o'clock he conducted the evening service, reading the prayers and lessons, and addressed those present from the 3d chapter of 1 Peter, 10th, 11th, and 12th verses. After the service he visited one of his own servants, and gave him medicine; then, as I wished his advice in regard to a woman who was reported to be very ill of a contagious fever, and lying in one of the school buildings, he went with me to see her. We found her lying in bed, though she started up as we entered, her eyes wild and staring with excitement and fever, fearing, too, that the Bishop had come to order her away. But he spoke very kindly to her, told her she could remain until she was better, and able to go away. She seemed much comforted, and then began to talk of her husband, the sick man whom we had visited in the afternoon.

Sept. 25.—Retired at 12 o'clock last night, and rose at 4 this morning. Have spent the whole day and evening (with the exception of teaching

two hours) in visiting and waiting upon the sick. Have been to see "Kung Kwa" (who lives but a short distance from us) three times. He is much weaker than when I saw him on Sunday, and I fear will soon be beyond the reach of all human aid or sympathy. But it is gratifying to feel that he dies trusting in Jesus. The first time I saw him this morning I thought there was still some hope of his life, and told him he seemed better. Yes, he said, but was sure he could not live; said that he trusted in Jesus to forgive his sins and save his soul; spoke of the Bishop's visit to him on Sunday; commended his adopted son, who is one of our pupils, to my care, begged I would be as kind to him as I had always been, and continue to call him to listen to the Bishop's words, and believe in Jesus, (referring to my sometimes calling him to go with me to the Saturday-evening prayers, in Chinese, in the Bishop's study.) Then named the spot where he wished to be buried. I feared he would exhaust himself by talking so much; and as I was much affected by what he said, told him he could speak of this some other time. He closed his eyes, and said in the deep, solemn tone of a dying man, "*To-day I am here, to-morrow my soul will be with Jesus.*" I hastened home to tell Dr. F., who was too ill to go out, but ordered some medicine, which I returned to give him in about an hour. But he was so much changed I feared there was little hope of his life. Yet I sat by him some time, administering the medicine, but he spoke no more, except to murmur a faint "thank you," as he took it. When I left I asked him if he would like me to send his son from school to sit by him? He said "haw," *good*; and on my return I told him to go, and take St. Matthew's Gospel in the Colloquial, and read to his father about Jesus.

Have just returned from my third visit to him, and called to see his wife, who seems a little better, and quite overwhelmed me with thanks for my attention to herself and her poor dying husband. I hope she may be able to go to him to-morrow.

Sept. 26.—Passed the day as yesterday, waiting upon the sick. And oh! how sadly does evening dawn upon me. Though like the Psalmist I can say, "I will sing of mercy and judgment;" of mercy, because two persons who have been the objects of my care and watching are much better. But one of our pupils is still very ill; and I have just heard "Kung Kwa" "*is no more.*" I trust, as he said yesterday, his soul is with Jesus. My heart is too sad to write. The death of "Kung Kwa" is truly a loss to me; he was one of the most faithful, honest, and obliging Chinese I have ever met with. Faithful in the discharge of his duties; obliging and honest to a degree that has made me quite dependent upon him in the expenditure of money for the school. During all the time of the war he was particularly obliging and pains-taking, even at the risk of his life. When it was dangerous to go in the city to make purchases, "Kung Kwa" was always ready to go to any neighboring city or village. However

large or small the amount, of whatever kind or sort was the article I wished, he never once failed to purchase and bring it to me, and in a manner so kind and prompt, one would suppose he was the person who was receiving the favour, and not myself.

Sept. 27.—Have spent almost the whole day at the bed-side of our little pupil, who is still very ill. The Bishop visited him and talked with him about dying, though he seemed too ill to realize much of what he said; yet, when he asked him if he wished him to pray for him, he said “he wished it;” and the Bishop offered a fervent prayer that God would restore him to health, if according to his will, or that his soul might be prepared for heaven, “if his sickness is unto death.” Poor little thing! I feel very anxious for his recovery, though he has neither father nor mother, nor any relatives, that we know of.

Sept. 28: *Midnight*.—Still watching by the bed-side of the sick, and have hardly found time for any other duties to-day, except two hours teaching. Even while at the evening prayers, one of the larger pupils took my place by the side of our sick pupil, “Tung-Fong,” who seems a little better to-day than yesterday, though his life is very uncertain. Wong-Chai” visited him this morning—told him he thought he would not live—asked him if he “believed in Jesus, and in such a place as heaven, where Jesus is?” He replied in a voice scarcely articulate, that he believed. I feared, however, that his mind was so enfeebled by pain that he hardly appreciated what was said; but when “Chai” continued to speak to him, asked him if he knew he was a sinner? he answered in such a sad, earnest tone, “*Nyoo hiaw tuk ko,*” “*I know it,*” I could not but hope his young heart was moved by the Holy Spirit to see his sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Then he asked if he wished him to pray to Jesus to forgive his sins and save his soul, he answered as he did the Bishop yesterday. One of the boys was standing by his bed, and we all kneeled, while Chai offered a fervent prayer in behalf of the poor little sufferer, which I trust our Heavenly Father heard and will answer.

Sept. 29.—The Bishop visited the First Department (in Chinese) of the school, and heard recitations in “Meucius,” “She King,” and “Shoo King,” reading in the “Lun Yu,” translating the text and commentary into the Colloquial. After the Bishop left, I heard the class read the 28th chapter of Genesis in “Kung See,” of which they gave a verbal translation in the Colloquial; then dismissed school for the morning, or rather for the day, with the exception of one hour’s study, from 2 to 3 o’clock in the afternoon, of their lessons in English for Sunday-school recitation.

October 1.—Another day passed by the bed-side of my poor little child, who still lives, and much to my surprise and joy knew me this morning, and called me by name. The physician thinks it possible he may recover, though he suffers severe paroxysms of pain, and is occasionally deranged, and calls most mournfully for his mama and then for “Fee-Koo-Niang”

to sit by him and give him tea, and seems unwilling that I should leave him for a moment. It is a great comfort to me that he again recognizes me, and that I can in any degree alleviate his sufferings.

Oct. 2 and 3.—My poor child is still alive, but no better; and I have no hope of his life, though he is still conscious, and for the first time during his illness has asked me to leave him; calling my name in his low, mournful voice, and saying in Chinese, “I wish you to go sleep.” Poor little thing! he seems very considerate and grateful for all my care. I have just left him, but not to sleep.

Oct. 4.—My little orphan boy is no more! He died last night about 8 o’clock, and I have just seen all that remains of him placed in his coffin this evening.

Oct. 5.—This morning at 9 o’clock was the funeral of our deceased pupil, “Tung-Fong.” His body was carried into the Chapel, where both the schools and others were assembled. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Nelson. I was unable to attend, as my strength is so prostrated by watching, and care, and sorrow. I have not been out of my room to-day, except to conduct the evening prayers, at which the boys were unusually attentive and serious. And when I spoke to them of the death of their fellow-pupil, of another of their number who died in August, of the uncertainty of life, and of the sickness which prevails throughout the country, they seemed much affected. And I trust the Holy Spirit may sanctify this death to us all, by making us more faithful and earnest in our work, and more diligent in making our calling and election sure.

November 3.—From Oct. 5 to this date, my “daily proceedings” have been essentially the same as during the preceding months. With the exception of a few days’ excursion into the country for my health, my time has been fully occupied in the ordinary duties of the school, and in taking care of the sick.

The Bishop visited and examined the Second Department in Chinese this morning, and expressed himself highly pleased with the progress of the pupils.

L— considers the school in quite a prosperous condition; is very happy in her work, and thinks the Chinese boys as affectionate and grateful, as studious and obedient, as would be any school of boys of the same class in a Christian land.

EPISCOPAL MISSION,
SHANGHAI, *Nov. 5, 1855.*

AFRICA.

JOURNAL OF THE REV. C. C. HOFFMAN, FOR AUGUST, 1855.

Rocktown.

Rocktown having become vacant by the departure of Rev. Mr. Wright and wife to America, it was decided soon after my arrival at Cavalla that I should settle at Rocktown, and have under my care also the station at Fishtown, six miles distant. I arrived at Rocktown with my wife and child on the 18th of July; the people gave me a kind welcome, and seemed rejoiced that a white missionary was again to reside among them,—and I at once entered upon my duties. On my first Sunday the Church was crowded with natives, including most of the head men from the four neighbouring towns. They listened with attention, and seemed impressed by the truths of God's word. In the afternoon, at Sunday-school, we had 17 adults and 13 children, besides the Mission Scholars. Preached at night. My plan for preaching at the various native towns is to visit Fishtown on Tuesday, where, after meeting for service the Christians of the station with the scholars, to preach in one of the native towns. Wednesday afternoon to preach at two of the towns near our mission premises; Thursday, lecture to the Christians of the station; Friday, preach to the natives at Middletown, two miles off. Sunday morning at seven o'clock, to meet the scholars and adults of the station in the Church for instruction, from Collect, Epistle and Gospel of the day. From half-past nine o'clock to half-past ten o'clock the scholars meet at the school-house to sing chants and hymns; half-past ten to half-past eleven, service for the natives in the Church; at half-past two o'clock Sunday school till half-past four, P. M.; service at night at six.

Remarkable is the interest which the people now evince in the subject of religion. I never visit their towns without feeling thankful that God has called me to preach to them the blessed Gospel. Their serious attention and conversation show a degree of interest never known before.

Our native Christian youth seem animated with earnest desires to impart truth to their people. One wrote me a few days since: "Please give me some work to do for God." Another this night writes me: "I wish very much that I may go to my country to teach our native boys. I have thought of this long. Now, I think God has called me to this work. They have nobody to teach them. If I go to my country, I think I may do much for them: not by my power, but by the power of God."

On a recent visit to Middletown, as I was closing my discourse to the natives, two of our Christian youth from Fishtown arrived at the place; they had come of their own accord to endeavour to induce the people to observe the Sabbath. My assistant Bedell remained with them to ad-

vocate the cause, and although no law was passed, yet the Sabbath, by general consent, was thenceforth to be observed, and from that time service has been held there on the Sabbath, one or two of our Christian youth going on that day to instruct the people.

More pleasing still is the interest at Fishtown, from the fact that a native teacher is the instrument of the awakening. He daily meets the people for instruction. A law has been passed that the Sabbath is to be observed. No one even goes to fish on that day. Beneath the spreading branches of a grove of trees, the people assemble, morning and afternoon. The Service is read and instruction given by a native Christian youth. The account he gives of the meeting in which the matter of the Sabbath was considered is interesting. He says:—"On the day appointed for [the consideration of] this law, with T. L. Chandler and others, we proceeded to the large town; and having called all the people by the sound of the town drum, I arose and said to them: 'Hear ye, my people! God requires you to keep the Sabbath holy. He will bless those nations who will obey His commands. You have long neglected His warnings by the Missionaries; now, it is high time to wake up from your sleep,' " &c.

Then the Governor addressed them:—"Ye, my people, the Sabbath must be kept by all of you. Men, women, and children! from henceforth no one is permitted to go out fishing, to go to his farm, to go stranger, [*i. e.*, visit other towns], or to do any other business on the Sabbath." *Then all gave their consent.* At the conclusion of the afternoon service, one of the head men, the judge or lawyer of the town—one of the most influential persons—thus addressed the people: "People! see how pleasant it is to keep the Sabbath! Our Governor is an old man; he wishes us to keep the Sabbath truly, as long as we can get a person to preach to us. See how some of the Greboes have given up their greegrees and keep the Sabbath, [referring to the converts at Cavalla]; shall we not do the same?" And he turned to the Christian youth, and said: "You have heard how I have addressed the people. Now, *you* are our example. If you get weak concerning this matter, we also will get weak; but if you will encourage us, we will also be very happy and willing to hear your preaching. It is a law that the Sabbath must be kept. These are our Governor's words. You are constantly talking to us of this matter, which we will do." So the meeting closed. "May the Lord help our people to do His will!"

Almost every week brings some pleasing account of the people forsaking their idols and turning to the Lord. For instance, I received the following:—"The people attended Church yesterday, as usual. With much surprise, this morning, a man who was at my house on Sunday, (with whom I held a conversation on the subject of our country doctors and their superstitious vanities of greegrees), came with his greegrees in his hands, and said, 'Boyd, you may do with them what you please. Nine in number. I have no others but these. I am very sorry, indeed, that I

have spent my money for that which is nothing." Under date of August 13, we have the following:—"The people have again thrown down one of the devil-doctors in the sea, this morning, and charged him not to make any more greegrees; but [he] has the liberty of getting medicines from the bush, to cure people with. Oh! it is so pleasing to hear of nothing but casting away their greegrees talked of. Old and young, and even doctors themselves, are now thinking it time to give up these idols."

Under date of the 5th August, we have the following:—"Sunday.—Our service this morning consisted of two hundred persons—men, women, and children; all were very attentive. * * * One of the congregation, on Sunday, called upon me to come for his greegrees. On entering his house, he said, 'Here are my greegrees. I have felt the vanity of them. I will have nothing more to do with them. I will live for God.'"

The people are anxious to have a house erected, in which, when the weather is unpleasant, they can meet, and a place for the same is now under consideration. It will be built by themselves, with thatched roof, with the sides and ends of narrow boards tied together by rattans. The expense of the building, which will not probably exceed fifty dollars, will mainly be borne by the Mission.

Sunday, Aug. 5th.—Administered the Holy Communion for the first time here. The native communicants from Fishtown were present—in all we were sixteen, eleven of whom were natives.

Aug. 10th.—The Bishop and Mrs. Payne arrived here this afternoon, to attend our Convocation; the Rev. Mr. Scott, and Rev. G. W. Gibson, came on the morning of the 11th, (Saturday.) One of the native ministers, Rev. C. F. Jones, with most of the native teachers, were also present. It was a delightful and refreshing season to us all. The spirit of God seemed truly in our midst to bless us. (A particular account of this meeting is given in the August number of the *Cavalla Messenger*.)

Sunday, 12th.—Baptized Alexander De Witt, of Fishtown, a native youth of about fifteen years of age; and Elizabeth Savage, the wife of Thomas Savage, a native Christian, who lives in our village.

Monday, 13th.—No sooner had our guests departed, than Mrs. Hoffman was taken sick; on her recovery our babe was taken, and both seemed to have a regular attack of acclimating fever. Both were very seriously ill, but God has graciously spared them, and they have now, in a good degree, regained their health, though still weak. We were thankful to have Doctor Fletcher, the colonial physician, near us, (at Cape Palmas,) and were able to consult him; he made us two visits, and his treatment was judicious and successful.

Aug. 31st.—We had a most interesting meeting this evening, of all our native communicants. The Sunday following, the Lord's supper was to be administered; and I invited the communicants to the Mission house

for religious worship, and to partake together of an evening meal. Having assembled, we sang a hymn; I told them something of the ancient *Αγαπη*, and we knelt in prayer. I read a chapter in the Bible, and exhorted to love, and faith, and good works; read also a letter giving an account of the interest in religion among another part of the tribe; a native Christian offered a prayer, and we sang a hymn, rising at the doxology. Our table having been previously arranged in the room, a few plain dishes were brought in, of which we sat down and partook, as being the blessing of our God. Our cheerful meal finished, all parted in peace and good will. These meetings are monthly. At the Bishop's station they have been held for two years, with good results. They tend to unite the native Christians and us altogether, and promote peace and love. If natives eat together, it is proof that there is peace between them.

For the last two months I have enjoyed uninterrupted health, and been enabled, with one or two exceptions, to keep all my appointments. This is indeed a special blessing in this land of sickness and death.

THE BEAUTY AND BLESSEDNESS OF FEMALE INFLUENCE.

THE number of religious publications issued from the press, during the last five years, has been very large, and among them many are of great value, and destined to have a permanent interest. On none of them do we set so high an estimate as on *The Memoir of Miss Susan Allibone*, of Philadelphia prepared by Bishop Lee of Delaware. Never have we met with a more beautiful delineation of female loveliness than is here presented, and we cannot but indulge the belief that the volume in which it is exhibited, will prove to be a rich treasure to the Church of Christ. It is not within our province to review it, restricted as our pages are to matter of a strictly Missionary character, yet we venture to commend it to our readers, especially to those of the gentler sex, fully satisfied that we are offering a suggestion, for which those who think it worth the heeding, will warmly thank us. We advert to it at present, for the purpose of printing portions of some letters addressed by her to her cousin, our late lamented Missionary, the Rev. Robert Smith, who died recently at one of our stations in Western Africa. Her letters to him bear the marks

of the same grace, and refinement, and intellectual vigour, as well as fervent love for Christ, which characterize her other correspondence; and we have reason to know that he always considered himself as deeply indebted to her for her most affectionate and faithful counsels.

Her biographer, who, through the Master's grace, has a spirit singularly in harmony with that which his pen has here developed, introduces this portion of her correspondence with the following remarks:—

“The Foreign Missionary cause had no warmer friend than Miss Allibone. Her unwearied and energetic efforts for the spiritual welfare of those immediately around her, never so absorbed her love and zeal, as to leave her unmindful that multitudes of those for whom Christ shed his blood were enveloped in the thickest midnight of error and sin. To her enlarged charity “the field was the world.” To her faith, the final triumph of the Gospel was indubitable. “I love to meet any one,” she said, “who heartily approves of Foreign Missions.” A friend remarks: “How ardent was her missionary spirit! How her heart yearned with pity on the heathen world, and with what exulting joy did she look forward to the time when they shall remember themselves and turn to the Lord! From her bed of sickness, as from an eminence, she saw things in their true proportions. She viewed the Missionary's trials, discouragements, separation from friends, sacrifice of health and life, in the light of the glory that should follow. She viewed the perishing state of the heathen as he viewed it, who “So loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.” And she deemed it an exceeding favour to be allowed any part in bringing them to a “knowledge of their God and Saviour.” The two letters following, were addressed to her cousin, Robert Smith, then a student in the Theological Seminary, at Alexandria, while he was meditating the deeply interesting point of his personal self-devotion to Foreign Missions. His confidential friend and adviser replies with undisguised pleasure at the suggestion, and dwells upon the exceeding privilege and happiness of the work. But the spirit which her letters breathe is nothing akin to unreflecting impulse or romantic enthusiasm. Her coun-

sels are sober and enlightened, while her soul glows with divinely-enkindled ardour. She urges her young relative to count the cost, and satisfy himself that the call was from God. Mr. Smith was soon led to the decided conviction that it was his duty to carry the Gospel message to benighted Africa. With a heart full of love for souls perishing through lack of knowledge, he threw himself into the work. But the Master whom he served accepted the desire of his heart, instead of a protracted life of labor and self-denial. After a few week's sojourn in Western Africa, and giving indications of the true spirit of an Evangelist, he was taken to that bright world whither his faithful spiritual counsellor had, but a few months before, preceded him. Although he fell in the prime of life, full of promise and energy, yet can it be supposed that either of the two sainted friends now regret the determination, or would wish the step recalled? Words of thankfulness and confidence were on his dying lip. His term of service, though brief, was long enough to glorify his Redeemer, and leave an example of heroic devotedness to the great and blessed cause of evangelizing the heathen. "None of these things moved him, neither counted he his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." While these sheets were passing under the author's eye, the intelligence was received of the unexpected removal of him to whom these letters were directed, and we may be pardoned for turning aside for a moment to drop the tear of sympathy and utter the thanksgiving of faith over his early grave."

"January 4th, 1851.

"There is much in my heart, upon the subject of Missions, which I have never expressed to you, my dear cousin. Your recent letters have touched a chord whose vibrations would have reached you long ere this, if I could have gratified my earnest desire. I trust I have not a friend whom I would not encourage to say among the heathen, 'The Lord reigneth,' if I were assured he would go at His bidding and in His strength. I am glad when I learn that a missionary spirit has inspired

any heart, and am rejoiced that my beloved cousin, and some of his fellow-students, are inquiring whether it may not be their privilege to be the first to proclaim to some of their fellow-sinners that Jesus has died for them. They need the Gospel so much that it should not be withheld, and it is a selfish policy which would chill the ardor of those who are willing to tell them that 'there is a balm in Gilead, and a physician there.' It should be enough for the friends of every missionary that 'the Lord hath need of him.'

"I have endeavoured to pray much that you and your friends may know the will of our Father in Heaven, and 'by His merciful guiding may perform the same.' If this fire be not of the Lord's kindling, it will probably soon be extinguished. And in such a case, it would be well if it were. There are stern realities in missionary life; there are high and holy duties to be performed; and he whose sufficiency is *not* of God will soon grow weary. I have often quoted a promise we cannot test too fully, and will quote it again: 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' I have desired that you might be a Foreign Missionary, that you might be endued with a spirit which would make you willing to be *any* thing, to labour any where. Therefore, I bid you 'God speed' in every labour and every effort for the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom.

" *March 7th, 1851.*

"I suspect, dear Robert, that my days of letter-writing are almost over, since I am scarcely capable of the effort of even a pencilled communication; but a powerful impulse urges me to encourage you to 'press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of Lord in Christ Jesus.' Earnest is my desire that, if our Father have indeed inspired you with a missionary spirit, you may 'confer not with flesh and blood, but may receive a blessed answer to the continual petition, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' I do not observe in your letters any deficiency in simplicity of heart, but am thankful that you anticipate labour and self-denial in our Redeemer's service as a privilege of which you are not worthy, and well may you employ these terms. If St. Paul was astonished at the condescension which permitted him to call his powerful intellect and carefully accumulated stores of learning into the service of his Redeemer; if this once proud Pharisee exclaimed, 'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ;'—it does not seem too much that you, or any of your fellow-students, or indeed the most useful and able of those who have been already commissioned to proclaim the Gospel, should expend all the talent and strength God may have given you in persuading Ethiopia to 'stretch out her hands unto God.' Your companions, who have

united with you in imploring direction upon this important subject, are often remembered in my prayers.

“I do not believe that a true-hearted missionary ever went to heathen shores, who did not first encounter a vigorous opposition from ‘the world, the flesh, and the devil.’ This is, indeed, an aggressive war upon the kingdom of darkness. Satan is not willing that his iron bands should be displaced, that our Redeemer’s easy yoke may be their substitute. Society, so ready to applaud the enterprising spirit of the young man who goes to distant climes to seek wealth, or learning, or to shed human blood, grieves greatly over him who wastes his energies and risks his life in pointing the poor heathen to the only true riches, the most important knowledge, and the blood which was shed for him. Yes, and the heart also must surely whisper many suggestions which require the resistance of the martyr, who saw his wife and children, as he passed on to the fire which was to remove him from their sight, and exclaimed, striking his breast, ‘Flesh, stay thou!’ It is a glorious privilege to be a missionary, and if the Father of the Fatherless should thus favour my orphan cousin, I will bid him God speed. I do not mean that I expect to be among the friends to whom you will say farewell, but will give you my parting salutation now. It is only if the Lord will, I would have it thus.”

We have no space now for further extracts: the correspondence continues for a brief season, until the writer passed away from earth almost as by translation, and the youthful missionary of the cross whom she sought to guide and strengthen, after giving tokens of singular qualifications for his work, soon followed her to the land where there is no more parting.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE Rev. Mr. Holcomb, recently appointed by the Foreign Committee a Missionary under the jurisdiction of Bishop Payne, Western Africa, sailed from New-York, for Cape Palmas, in the brig Gen. Pierce, on Friday, the 14th March.

Mr. J. T. Points, connected with the Mission at Shanghai, as a candidate for orders, under Bishop Boone, has suffered from a very severe attack of illness, which has rendered it necessary for him to return to the United States. He is probably now on his voyage homeward.

The Rev. E. W. Syle, of San Francisco, has been appointed to the China Mission, and has probably sailed for Shanghai direct, with his family, ere this.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSIONS.—The Rev. H. J. Leacock, formerly a Presbyterian of the American Episcopal Church, has commenced a Mission at Tintama, on the Rio Porga, Africa, under the auspices of the West India Church Association to Western Africa.

A new Diocese has recently been constituted in Western Australia, called the Bishopric of PERTH, and Queen Victoria has appointed the Ven. M. B. Hale, Archdeacon of Adelaide, to the See.

At a recent meeting of the Committee of the *Propagation Society*, the Treasurer reported that the receipts of the last year had been unusually large. The attention of the Standing Committee was called to the necessity of taking steps for an extension of the Episcopate in India.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF RECEIPT OF BOOKS.—Through the kindness of several friends to Foreign Missions, the Foreign Committee have been furnished with copies of the valuable work of the Rev. Dr. J. M. Matthews, of the City of New-York, "The Bible and Men of Learning," for the use of their Missionaries abroad.

At the last meeting of the Committee, the following Resolution was passed, viz :

Resolved, That an acknowledgment of the receipt of the work of the Rev. Dr. Matthews be made in the SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, and also by letter to Dr. Matthews.

Acknowledgments.

THE Treasurer of the Foreign Committee acknowledges the receipt of the following sums from February 20, to March 20, 1856.

Maine.

Bath—Grace, S. S. 10 00
 Bangor—St. John's, \$20; S. S. \$8. 28 00
 Portland—St. Stephen's for Af. 16 06 54 06

Vermont.

Arlington—St. James' 15 00
 Bethel—Christ. 6 00
 Fairfax—Buck Hollow, Christ. 11 00
 Royalton—St. Paul's 6 00 38 00

Massachusetts.

Anonymous — "L." Bp. Payne's Miss. 5 00
 Ashfield—St. John's S. S. infant, for Fem. Orph. Asy., Af. 3 50
 Springfield—Christ. 54 00 62 50

Rhode Island.

Jamestown—St. Matthew's 2 00
 Providence—Grace, S. S. 10 00
 Woonsocket—St. James', Af. \$5; Gen. \$15. 20 00 32 00

Connecticut.

Bantam Falls—St. Paul's, ½ 3 23
 Brookfield—St. Paul's 10 50
 Bridgeport—Christ, S. S. 5 00
 Bridgewater—St. Mark's 4 48
 Derby—Miss C. Hitchcock, Af. 2 50
 Fairhaven—St. James', S. S. 4 63
 Hamden—Grace, ½ 27 04
 Milton—Trinity, ½, \$3 92; two ladies, Af., \$1. 4 92
 North-Haven—St. John's. 3 75
 Do. first off. of Nellie, Af. 25
 Northford—St. Andrew's 2 84
 Norwalk—St. Paul's 41 25
 Plymouth—St. Peter's 12 30
 Roxbury—Christ. 4 00
 Seymour—Union, \$5; S. S. \$20, ed. Af. 25 00
 Waterbury—St. John's, of which \$100 to redeem pledge of Rector, at meeting of Board of M. 300 00
 Windsor—St. Gabriel's, ½. 5 00 456 69

New-York.

Albany—St. Peter's, Rev. T. C. Pitkin's pledge at late Meeting of Board 100 00
 Athens—Trinity 5 00
 Brooklyn—Holy Trinity, Mr. Keith's Sch. at Shanghai, Chi. 150 00

Cooperstown—Christ ¼. 20 00
 East Hampton—Z. Z. 1 00
 Green Point—Ascension, S. S. 24 16
 Hudson—Christ, \$15 57; S. S., one class, Chi., \$2; three classes, Af., \$4 27; one class, Cape Palmas, \$5. 26 84
 Mamaroneck—St. Thomas's Infant-School, ed. Emily Hoffman, Rocktown, Af., \$20; Mrs. M. H., ed. Winthrop S. Gilman, native youth, under care of Rev. C. C. Hoffman, Af., \$20. 40 00
 Myersville—Trinity 4 00
 New-Brighton, S. I.—Christ. 90 25
 New-York—St. Mark's, "a friend and parishioner," by Dr. Anthon, \$50; Miss. off'gs, Gen., \$10; Af., \$3 75; Chi., \$1 50. 65 25
 St. Bartholomew's 641 79
 St. Luke's 82 00
 Miss E. Turner, "Jos. Turner" Scholarship, Af. 20 00
 St. Peter's 95 39
 St. Ann's, Deaf Mutes 8 50
 Redeemer 12 00
 Messiah 5 00
 Ascension, J. M. 5 00
 M. L. B., ¼. 2 00
 Richmond, S. J.—St. Andrew's, S. S., add., ed. David Moore, Af. 9 57
 Wappinger's Falls—Mrs. Joanna Mesier, Af., ½, \$5; add., \$5 10 00
 White Plains—Grace 50 00 1467 75

Western New-York.

Oxford—St. Paul's, Miss E. H. Butler. 5 00
 Rochester—Trinity. 64 75
 Warsaw—Trinity, S. S. for Bp. Payne's Miss. 2 40 72 13

New-Jersey.

Amboy—St. Peter's, \$75; S. S., Af. \$7. 82 00
 Berkely—St. Peter's, Clarksboro, sub. to Af. M., \$20; donations to do., \$7 63; ladies Sew. Soc. do., \$11 32; children do., \$7 66; China, \$7. 53 61
 Camden—St. John's, \$4; Af. \$5. 9 00
 Princeton—Trinity, a member, special use of Bp. Payne. 40 00
 Do., a member. 15 00
 Redbank—Trinity Chapel. 3 46 203 07

Delaware.

Christiana Hundred — Christ, ad'l. 5 00

Indian River—St. George's Chapel..... 1 23
 Long Neck—Chapel of the Comforter..... 1 02
 Middletown—St. Anne's..... 5 50
 Millboro—St. Mark's..... 1 75
 Newark—St. Thomas, ed. R. K. Meade, Af..... 37 00
 Wilmington—Trinity, E. C..... 42 26
 Miscellaneous, W. W..... 94 00 187 76

Pennsylvania.

Bradford Co.—Pike, St. Matthew's..... 3 00
 Brownsville—J. J. Bowman, for Miss Jones..... 5 00
 Germantown—St. Luke's, a member, for Af..... 25 00
 Harrisburg—St. Stephen's, of which Inf. Sch., \$10; S. S., \$11 63; all for Af..... 26 63
 Holmesburg—Emmanuel..... 21 82
 Honesdale—Grace, Miss. Soc., ½ Af, ½ Chi..... 50 00
 Philadelphia—W. H. S., ½ Af, ½ Chi..... 25 00
 St. Philip's, Lad. For. Miss. Soc., Chi..... 25 00
 Grace, S. S., for purchase of a bell for church of Rev. Mr. Rambo, West Af..... 35 00
 Philadelphia Co.—Mantua, St. Andrew's..... 4 00
 Pittsburg—Trinity..... 162 45
 St. James's..... 28 50
 Reading—Christ..... 54 55
 Susqueh. Co.—Springville, St. Andrew's..... 5 00
 Washington—Trinity..... 8 74
 Westchester—Holy Trinity, \$12 50; Mem. of Miss. Ass., \$12 50..... 25 00
 Miscellaneous—Willie Wills, ½ Af, ½ Chi, ½ for some Mission for children..... 4 00
 H. and L., ½ Chi, ½ Af..... 10 00
 O. H. P. C., for Miss J. M. C., Shanghai..... 50 00 568 69

Maryland.

Alleghany Co.—Emmanuel par.. 14 24
 Baltimore—Emmanuel, S. S., Chi. \$15; Af. \$20..... 35 00
 Ascension, S. S. Miss. Soc., ½ yearly payment, ed., Af., Rosa and Richard Kiltin..... 20 00
 Miss Purnell, through Rev. Dr. Wyatt, for Bp. Payne, Af..... 100 00
 Cambridge—Grt. Choptank par. 5 00
 District of Columbia—Georgetown, St. John's..... 125 00
 Frederick—All Saints', a member, Mrs. Hill's school at Athens, \$20; Miss Jones' sch., Chi., \$20; Fem. ed., Af., to be applied by Bishop Payne, \$20..... 60 00
 Zion, ½..... 10 00
 Kent Co.—Shrewsbury Par..... 5 00
 Prince George Co.—St. Paul's Parish..... 20 00
 Washington—Washington Parish..... 16 00
 Worcester Co.—Worcester Parish..... 30 00 440 84

Virginia..

Amherst Co.—St. Luke's, Miss Laura K. Davis..... 5 00
 Alexandria—Fairfax Parish, Christ, by Rev. C. B. Dana, Ep. Coll., of which \$15, Af., \$175; Ladies' Miss. Sewing Soc. of Christ Ch., \$75..... 250 00
 Mission Ch., by Rev. D. F. Sprigg..... 20 00
 Bottetourt Co.—Fincastle, St. Mark's, \$30; add. \$5 48..... 35 48
 Buchanan, Trinity..... 27 75
 Berryville—Grace, \$90; S. S., \$3; "a mother's thank off., for safe return of two sons from sea," \$10..... 103 00
 Do., Mrs. M. E. R., \$5; a school girl, \$1..... 6 00
 Clarke Co.—Millwood, Christ..... 100 00
 Wickliffe Parish and Church, S. S., Chi..... 3 57
 Cumberland—Lyttleton Parish, ladies of, for benefit of W. H. Kinckle, Af..... 100 00
 Gloucester Co.—Abingdon Parish, ½..... 24 50
 Ware Parish, ½..... 3 50
 Hanover C. H.—St. Paul's, Af..... 20 00
 King Geo. Co.—St. Paul's Par., Assoc. for For. Miss., Af., \$86; Gr., \$33; Chi., \$6..... 125 00
 Leesburg—St. James's, \$67; Miss R. G. Benedict, Af., \$1; Miss A. F. Benedict, Af.; \$1; from Mary, a col. communicant, Af., \$1; S. S., \$8, Af..... 78 00
 Lexington—Latimer Parish, Grace..... 40 00
 Lynchburg—St. Paul's, add., \$7 and \$1..... 8 00
 Old Point—Centurion, E. C..... 33 65
 Princess Anne Co.—"A Friend," 10 00
 Rockingham Co.—Port Republic, Rockingham Parish, a communicant, ½..... 2 50
 Salem—Trinity, Little Girls' Miss. Soc., for Rev. C. Keith, Chi., to be appropriated by him..... 21 00
 Shepherdstown—Rev. Dr. C. W. Andrews; remainder of personal pledge..... 50 00
 Do., a friend, Af., \$1; children's offerings, \$1..... 2 00 1068 95

North Carolina.

Fayetteville—St. John's add'l.. 1 00
 Leakesville—Rev. J. R. Lee, ½. 20 00
 Scuppernon—Pettigrew's Cha'l. 37 75 58 75

South Carolina.

Beaufort—St. Helena, Africa and Chi..... 302 44
 Miss McElleran..... 2 50
 Camden—J. M. Desaussure, Esq., for Tong-Chu-Kiung, Chi..... 50 00
 Clarendon—St. Mark's..... 10 00
 Columbia—Mediator..... 55 00

Charleston—St. Paul's.....	63 50	
St. Peter's, Af., \$66 50; Ch.		
\$90; Gen. \$150 36.....	306 86	
Edisto—Church, Af.....	100 00	
Grahamville—Holy Trinity.....	63 00	
James' Island—St. James'.....	17 75	
Pedee—Prince Frederick.....	10 00	
Sheldon Church—a young lady,		
Af., \$15; Dr. L. M. De-		
saussure, Af., \$15; Col.		
Thos. M. Hanckel, Af.,		
\$10.....	40 00	
St. Luke's Parish, (Bluffton)		
col'd congregation, Af., \$3		
58c; S. S., Af., \$8; annual		
cont. of J. S., for scholar-		
ship High School, Af.,		
\$100; Gen'l, \$25 56.....	137 14	
Waccamaw—All Saints', Af.....	263 00	
Zion Church—Chi. & Af.....	110 00	1531 19

Georgia.

Augusta—Through Miss E. J.		
Wray, from friends, for		
Tong-Chu-Kiung, Chi... 20 00		
Macon—N. C. Munroe, 5th ann.		
payment, ed. Blanche		
Munroe, in Miss Willif-		
ord's Sch., Cavalla, Af.,		
\$20; do., for Cavalla Mes-		
senger, \$1.....	21 00	
Savannah—Geo. Fam. Miss.		
Ass., ed. James Marion,		
Af.....	20 00	
St. John's, S. S., bal. R. M.		
White scholarship, \$12		
50c; bal. G. H. Clarke		
scholarship, Af., \$10.....	22 50	83 50

Alabama.

Montgomery—St. John's, of		
which for "Mission of St.		
Columba, under Rev. Mr.		
Buck, \$10,".....	50 00	
Mobile—St. John's.....	40 50	
Marion—St. Wilfred's.....	7 70	98 20

Mississippi.

Jefferson Co.—Church Hill.		
Christ, E C.....	30 00	

Texas.

Brownsville—Advent.....	5 00	
San Augustine—Christ.	10 00	15 00

Tennessee.

Knoxville—St. John's, "a friend		
of Missions," \$10; a col'd		
member, for Bp. Payne,		
50c.....	10 50	

Kentucky.

Columbus—Christ.....	4 00	
Lexington—Christ, \$2 50; S. S.		
\$10.....	12 50	16 50

Illinois.

Rockford—Emmanuel, \$8 50; T.		
D. Robertson, Esq., \$10;		
S. S., \$10, ed., Af., Fanny		
Clark, scholarship.....	28 50	
Springfield—St. Paul's.....	30 00	
Waverly—Christ.....	6 50	65 00

Indiana.

Worthington—St. Matthew's..		3 00
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Ohio.

Dresden—Zion, \$8; S. S., \$2..	10 00	
Madison—St. Matthew's.....	10 00	
Massillon—St. Timothy's.....	15 00	
Maumee City—Ch.....	5 00	
Norwalk—St. Paul's.....	12 00	52 00

Michigan.

Battle Creek—St. Thomas's....	7 00	
Flint—St. Paul's, Chi., \$19; S.		
S., \$4, Chi.....	23 00	30 00

Wisconsin.

Marquette—Ch.....	3 00	
Racine College.....	10 00	
Delafield—St. John Chrysostom.	5 00	18 00

Iowa.

Dubuque—The amount \$46, credited to St. John's, in last No., was in redemption of the Bishop's pledge, \$5 of which from St. John's S. S.

California.

Oakland—St. John's, per Rev.		
E. W. Syle.....		12 00

Miscellaneous.

Anonymous, a friend to Missions.	3 00	
An Easter offering, in aid of		
the Af. M.....	100 00	
Anon, for Af.....	1 00	104 00
Total, Feb. 20 to March 25, '56.....	6,780 08	
Total, Oct. 1, '55, to March 25, '56....	37,731 28	



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